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THE GOVERNMENT OF LOUIS NAPOLEON.

WE have an adage that says, "Let him laugh who wins." The maxim is to be found in the tongues of other nations, for the language of proverbs is universal, and only expresses in sententious phrase that shrewd sagacity, tinged often with sadness, which is the usual result of long contemplation of human conduct and affairs. The French proverb is "*Rira bien, qui rira le dernier*," or, as it might be translated, "He laughs best who laughs last." The comic turn of the expression is well suited to the gay temperament of that excitable and fickle people, and it eminently applies to the perpetual changes in their political condition—"*Rira bien, qui rira le dernier.*"

It is now five years since Louis Napoleon ascended the steps of the Imperial throne of France, and took into his absolute keeping the destinies of upward of thirty millions of human beings. For five years—no small portion of the average duration of sovereign power—he has held in his single hand the reins of empire. In peace and war, in distress and plenty, in tranquil and turbulent times, he has had despotic sway over the fortunes of his people, and it is not too soon to inquire what is the character of his rule, and what may be its future fortunes.

Napoleon III. is no ordinary man, and has had no ordinary experience. Born of a race accustomed to command, he has had opportunities to learn in the annals of his own family all that human genius, inspired by fierce ambition, can do—all that human genius uninspired by virtue, or that worldly wisdom, which sometimes takes the place of virtue, may fail to accomplish. His own fortunes have been full of the materials of instruction. Born on the steps of a throne, he has received the severe instruction of adversity. He has had every advantage of education, eminent position, association, and cultivation, and has mixed largely with all ranks and classes of men. He has tasted the joys of freedom, and is able to contrast them with the bitterness of imprisonment. He has seen many nations, and can compare, from his own observation, the despotisms of the Continent with the qualified liberty of England, and that again with the absolute freedom of this country. He has had the teachings of active life, and has learned that patience, concentration of thought, and self-command, which long solitude alone can give. Every material of instruction, every element for the formation of character, have been placed within his reach. Nor does Fortune yet seem weary. With all these gifts endowed he now stands, at the prime of life, alone at the helm of state, rich, powerful, prosperous. What use has he made—what use is he making of these vast possessions? What return has he made to the Giver of Good? What return is he making to that confiding people, who have surrendered to him all that men hold dear—who have placed in his keeping "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor?"

Those who look at mere material results, those who are content with the present hour, have a ready answer. France was never more prosperous. Disquieted, agitated under the Republic from 1848 to 1851, she is now tranquil and submissive; trade flourishes, industry is active. It is a good and a great government. And certainly it is not to be denied that the outside is all splendor and pomp, luxury and enjoyment. Houses fall and palaces rise at the bidding of the master; ceremonial in gorgeous trappings sweeps along all public places; balls, feasts, the dance, the chase, occupy, if they do not delight, the votaries of the ruling dynasty; music with its voluptuous swell, art in all its forms, adorns and augments the luxury of the hour.

But beneath all this, or rather above all this, rises a deep tone of dissatisfaction that tells a very different story, which speaks of anxiety for the present, and of menace for the future.

Let us look at the actual condition of the country, and avoiding generalities and extravagance of language, try to ascertain what its actual condition is. More than thirty millions of eager, industrious, active human beings are crowded within the imperial domain of France, and of all these millions not one living soul is free—not one enjoys the semblance of freedom. The press is throttled; the tribune is gagged; the pulpit is filled with the servile tools of a huge ecclesiastical tyranny; private conversation is hedged about by spies; and from this huge hive of men there comes not one free, sincere voice of remonstrance, advice, suggestion, or expostulation. This promises ill for the chance of any honest information reaching the ears of the master.

Look at the army—five hundred thousand men in the vigor of life, flushed with conquest, with half-sheathed sabres, are eagerly listening for the signal of strife, and will welcome it with fierce delight, come from what quarter it may.

Where is the thought—the intelligence of the country—the public spirit—the public virtue? It has absolutely no outlet, no expression. So far as public affairs are concerned—so far as the press, the tribune, the forum, the pulpit, are concerned—there is no more chance for the utterance of opinion in France than in Russia; and when a statesman like Tocqueville writes a volume on the revolution of 1789, men marvel that it is permitted to appear. There is no hope for legitimate ambition of any kind. The only road to advancement is the base and tortuous path of court favor.

The inevitable result of this is, that the whole energies of the people are concentrated on material objects—which means, in other words, the acquisition of gain; from this, with the insane passion for centralizing every thing, result the vast speculations of the Credit Mobilier, and its affiliated organs; from this springs the wild spirit of gambling, which is now absorbing the entire activity and vigor of the public mind.

Now it is a very common thing to say that this is a material age; and material prosperity is naturally considered a sure test of success. This is in part true, and in part false. Take England and America, the two great rivals of France in the career of progress and prosperity. To what extent is it true of them that this is a material age? It is very certain that the desire for the acquisition of property is a great feature of our times—if you please, a great vice of our times—but, on the other hand, what age has been so much as this the age of thought, of humanity, of equality, of moral as opposed to mere material progress? It is as foolish to underrate as to overrate our time.

This is an age of indefinite striving for the acquisition of property. The world is ransacked for gold, it is true. But, on the other hand, in what age has so much gold been spent for the highest, the most honorable, the best objects? When so much for the acquisition of intelligence? When so much for the purposes of humanity? When so much for education? When so much for books—for the press—for hospitals—for schools—for religion in every way?

He, then, who relies on the idea that this is a mere money-loving, money-getting age—who shuts his eyes to the moral and intellectual wants of his time—is relying on a false basis; he is building his house on sand. He, above all, who constructs, or seeks to construct, a government on mere material prosperity—who silences the press, who gags conversation, who seduces the pulpit, and enslaves the bar; who turns his back on all desire for mental activity, who repels from him all the thought—the free, honest, sincere thought—of his time, commits that highest of political offenses—a blunder.

This is the position of Louis Napoleon. He is not a mere creature of appetite or passion; not an Elagabalus or a Commodus, by any means. His temperament is active, and he loves to be doing. He wades through the waters to relieve the Lyon sufferers; he is forever in motion. But what does it amount to? Let us see the sum of his activity. He makes railroads. Very good: they will put the people in motion, and set them talking, spite of spies and *mouchards*. He organizes telegraphs. Better yet: messages can be sent in cipher, and his own agents may be made the tools of conspirators—at all events, they help to keep up that activity of communication which sooner or later is death to tyranny. He builds palaces—only so so: other despots have done it before him. It is an old shift of tyrants to provide the "dear people" with work. Louis Philippe did it. Napoleon made the Rue de Rivoli. Augustus "found Rome brick and left it marble"—the world is familiar with that trick. He opens streets. Only so so again: they are but avenues for cavalry to charge down, and grape to sweep through. And this is the sum of Louis Napoleon's benefactions and great deeds.

Per contra: Freedom of thought is destroyed, the press is destroyed, all political action is destroyed, and a huge army is kept up for police purposes. Nothing is rife but the spirit of gain and speculation; and every bold, honest, able man, whose back is too stiff for sycophancy, may as well be in Siberia as in France. The result is inevitable; when honest men go out, knaves come in. A despot is always surrounded by cowards, parasites, and slaves.

Now this can not last. It is of no use to argue the question. The history of the world is against it. The age is against it. The laws of nature are against it. The laws of God are against it. It may last five months, or it may last five years. It may drag on a while, or it may snap in the twinkling of an eye. It will probably last until the French people have got over their fright of 1851, and are willing to run a little risk to escape the degradation of their present position. But it can not last. It has no elements of duration; it has nothing of a dynasty about it. It is a mere temporary make-shift—a mere jury-mast in a storm. It is only a cramming of the furnaces, and a shutting up of the valves—a clapping of a lid on the crater of a volcano; one of these days the explosion and eruption will shake the world.

It is a common thing—very common in the organs of English opinion, and equally frequent in those of our own which content themselves with re-echoing the opinions of "the mother country," to say that France must have a master—that she needs a despot—that she is incapable of any thing better than she now has. On the contrary, so far from this being true the very converse is the fact. If any thing is proved by history, it is that France can not be ruled by a despotic system. Every thing of the kind that has been tried has resulted in failure and disaster. Louis XIV. and Louis XV. tried the system on the magnificent plan—and failed. Napoleon the First tried it on the military plan—and failed. Napoleon the Third is now trying it on the commercial plan—on the plan of bribery, venality, and corruption. He must have a queer idea of French nature, or of human nature any where, who thinks it will succeed any better.

What is the ground for saying that France can only be governed by mere sheer absolute despotism, by the uncontrolled will and unassisted judgment of a single man? On what is the idea based? If we are told that the German and Sclavonic portions of Austria—that Russia is only adapted to that form of government, one can readily understand the proposition; to a certain extent, perhaps, admit it. But, in the name of common sense, how is it true of France? True, the army presents formidable difficulties in the way of tranquil government of any kind; but the army, since the days of 1792, has always been filled with liberal opinions. The army is perpetually recruited from the people; and though the present government, like that of the empire, has its *corps d'elite*, which it tries to fill with veteran stipendaries who know no religion but their eagles, no principle but their sword, as to the great body of the army, the attempt is vain. True again that the Church, so far as it is under the influence of Rome, is but a part of that stupendous system of oppression which the Catholic Church has now unhappily become; but the Gallican Church, for the last three hundred years, has nursed in its bosom the seeds of dissent and independence. The French Church, as a mass, is not ultra-montane in its character and tendency.

And leaving out these two elements of servility and disturbance, what pretense is there for saying that this high-spirited, gallant nation, full of genius, accomplishment, and industry, are fit for nothing but a government which tends to nothing, can result in nothing but national degradation, present servility, and ultimate disaster?

But the subject grows beneath our pen; and its aspects are so various that a few paragraphs can do no justice to it. We have said nothing of the ignorance of great masses of the French people, which forms the chief difficulty in the way of good government. We have said nothing of the incredible blunders of the liberal chiefs of 1848, which paved the way for Louis Napoleon's success, and which, indeed, furnish the best excuse for his usurpation. We have said nothing of that cold and selfish jealousy with which England has always regarded any scheme of freedom in France—that utter want of sympathy in the fortunes of other nations struggling for liberty, which she has indeed, at all times, and every where manifested.

Nor have we said any thing of Louis Napoleon's violation of his oaths and constitutional pledges. Public morality is so low, ambition is such a standing plea in bar to indictments for all successful crimes, that it avails little to heap vituperation on his head, to call him a perjured monster or a public malefactor. Unhappily, with rare exceptions, history teaches us to expect little disinterested action from statesmen in any age or under any system.

But we have a right to expect from men of ability and experience, to whom the destinies of nations are confided, wisdom, sagacity, moderation; and our purpose has been to show that of all this there is nothing about the system of Louis Napoleon—there is nothing in it which can command our sympathy or respect. He may, perhaps, yet be wise in time. He may open his eyes while on the verge of the precipice. But as things now stand, brilliant, gorgeous, prosperous as it looks, his government is, after all, nothing but a base, tawdry, groveling despotism. It has nothing that can create attachment for the present, or confidence for the future. Let him who standeth take heed lest he fall. *Rira bien, qui rira le dernier.*

A HISTORY OF HUNTINGTON.

THE trial of Charles Huntington for forgery closed on the last Tuesday of last year. That it will secure a place among the *causes celebrés* of the age is hardly to be doubted, not merely because of the magnitude of the crime, but its extraordinary success, and the still more extraordinary plea in defense set up at the trial. The fellow was none of your vulgar swindlers. There was a breadth and boldness in his operations that might have won him a Grand Cross in the Order of *Chevaliers d'Industrie*; a flashing daring that appears to have paralyzed the prudent doubts of his victims; and an impudent originality in the defense behind which he eventually endeavored to shelter himself, that came very near tricking the jury into a verdict of acquittal. Huntington is a typical man; and as such should leave his name somewhere else than on the books of the penitentiary, where he is to atone for his facile chirography. Let us give it a place here, and so transmit to the historian what would else be the property of the antiquary.

The records of the latter do not teach us that Charles, the forger, was of lineal descent from Robin, Earl of Huntington, the merry ranger of gay green-wood. From community of tastes we make what inferences we please; and proceed to state that the early life of this remarkable man was characterized by manifold traits prophetic of his mature grandeur. We have before us the testimony of a fond father that a passion for imitative art was disclosed in boyhood, exemplifying itself in counterfeiting the parental autograph to excuses for absence from school; in substituting his own inscription on the fly-leaves of books for those of *bona fide* proprietors; in procuring tarts and taffy from confiding merchants in those articles upon forged orders from divers fellow-townsmen of undoubted credit. Declining to share his father's business of cabinet-making, the young man at his majority came to New York, where we presently find him the senior partner of the firm of Huntington & Lindsey, furniture dealers. This was in 1846. That firm failed in 1848; whereupon the hero of the story made his *début* on that busy stage, Wall Street, where he was destined to achieve so many splendid triumphs. As is the case with nearly all illustrious men, his first efforts were not attended with success. In fact, he was needy and seedy. His office drew no customers; and that his reflections were of no joyous cast, we may infer from his devoting them chiefly to speculations in cemeteries, the great idea and exemplar of several of which now in successful operation pre-existed in his comprehensive mind. With various changes of fortune, he continued to figure in a small way among the speculators of that bustling thoroughfare, until 1852, when an unusual depression of purse and spirits prompted a return to those youthful arts which had won the admiration of his native village. In short, to use a Micawberism, he forged—drafted notes in the name of half a dozen respectable firms, not omitting to append those names at the bottom of the bills, and obtained money upon them. The innocent little income thus derived served as the basis of a system of banking, of which the District of Columbia was the ostensible seat, No. 302 Wall Street the place of redemption; and the issue as fair a looking specimen of bank-bill engraving as any thing uttered by Toppan, Danforth, or Rawdon. The banks were solely banks of issue, not of redemption; a circumstance that may have led to a very decided expression of public dissatisfaction with both institutions, before which Mr. Huntington thought it prudent to retreat for a time, and refresh himself in calm seclusion and speculative contemplations. He emerged, however, coming to the surface in Maine, where he had secured the charter of a manufacturing company, so liberal and open in its terms, that you might drive not only your proverbial coach and six through it, but thrust in besides a bank with all its privileges, easements, and appurtenances. Mr. Huntington was, in fact, about to perform this latter feat, when arrested by a common defensive movement of New England banks. Off in a tangent from this scene of defeat, the indefatigable man turned up in California, where, meeting with no better fortune, he finally determined to try his hand once more in Wall Street. The year 1854 witnessed his return to that busy stage, where his performances have since been of the grandest proportions. His friends and counsel admit that his forgeries may have amounted to fifteen millions of dollars. There is very good reason to believe that they exceeded four millions of dollars. But what with using these skillful efforts of calligraphy mainly as collateral securities, and taking very good care to redeem them in time to prevent presentation to the imaginary drawers, he succeeded in carrying on the war down to October of last year. And he carried it on with all the vigor that a full military chest authorizes. He was one of the giants of Wall Street. He was driven to his place of business in the neatest brougham, by the tidiest tiger; his kid gloves were immaculate; the tie of his cravat inimitable; the varnish of his boots distracting. No up-town palace was furnished with such lavish splendor as his. Classic vases; furniture in thronging plenitude, all of elaborately carved rosewood; carpets of velvet; the most curious of clocks; the most resplendent of mirrors and chandeliers; dinners Apician in quality and Vitellian in bounty; carriages and horses enough for forty thieves; a wife, a mistress, satellites, sycophants, slaves. Never was money splendidly got more splendidly spent. It showered upon Broadway shop-keepers as Jove never rained upon Danaë. The horse-market and the fashion-monger scrambled for their shares, and blessed the day when Mr. Huntington came into his fortune.

It has been remarked, both in sermon and song, that all that is bright must fade—the brightest still the fleetest. One fine, dry, cheery day, last October, the benign face of Officer Bowyer peered in upon our hero, and intimated a pressing desire for his society. It was an invitation not to be resisted. The game was up. One of the depositaries of the spurious bills had untimely doubted its validity; had carried it to the ostensible drawer, and experienced a chilling repudiation of the little document. He resorted to the police. Others trooped in behind him; and ere long the lodgings in upper-tendom were exchanged for one half the cell of a man tried, and to be tried, for murder, in the city prison. Cart-loads of Mr. Huntington's penmanship blocked his prison door, and nearly stifled him. Indictments were piled up, until work was provided for three generations of prosecuting attorneys, juries, and judges. Four weeks ago, one of these inevitable bills came to trial. Then was enacted another striking scene of this extraordinary drama. In the cell of the prisoner a council of war had been held, whereat his father, friends, lawyers, and certain of his creditors assisted. It had been there determined that the whole case of the prosecution should be confessed; that the salvation of the prostrate hero should be staked upon the plea of insanity; and that the very men who had joined in his speculations, intrusted him with their funds, and accepted his opinions down to the day of his incarceration, should be summoned to attest his lunacy. A triad of doctors was invited forthwith to apply mental stethoscopes to his brain, guaging his intellect, and plumbing his moral faculties. What was the amazement, therefore, of the public and the Court upon the opening of the defense, to find him certified a maniac; his whole course of action, so consequent, adroit, and so long prosperous, set down to lunacy; his crime transmuted into disease, just as your chemist would fain turn baser into nobler metal; his moral obliquity interpreted as incompetence of mind. The books were ransacked for expositions of moral insanity. The counsel for the defense certainly exhausted reason, evidence, and logic—to say nothing of the public patience—to make good their extraordinary case; and when it went to the jury, the general impression seemed to point to the prisoner's acquittal. The verdict was better than the fear. It was "Guilty;" and in a few moments the sentence of the Court had consigned the hero of loan, collateral, and one per cent. a day, to State Prison and hard labor for four years and ten months.

The public generally, the medical profession clamorously, Wall Street complacently, applaud such admeasurement of justice.

The two traits of this exciting case that will always, perhaps, individualize it, are—firstly, the ability of a well-known and unsuccessful speculator to gull and plunder the keen dealers of Wall Street for the space of two years; and, secondly, the audacity of the attempt to clear the criminal by the plea of insanity. It would require, indeed, no very great skill at an inference to ascribe all the insanity there was in the case to the Wall Street money-lenders, who were so easily and systematically cheated. The presumption leans heavily against them. Huntington, on the other hand, merely availed himself of facilities incautiously spread before him; made the money they flung in his way, and spent it as lavishly as money so lightly come by is always expended. There was coherence and reason in all he did. There was none of that startling incongruity which characterizes the movements of a lunatic; that action without adequate motive, that sinning for the mere love of the sin. Had the defense, instead of proving the sumptuous expenditures of their client throughout the swindle, proved that when he had earned money he cast it away, or neglected and cared nothing for it; omitted to apply it to the purchase of luxury and splendor for himself, continuing to live among the same meagre circumstances that had previously surrounded him, they would have presented a much more plausible case of insanity. There would have been a departure from the ordinary conduct of mankind in similar circumstances wide enough to raise a doubt, weak and untenable still, of the forger's sanity. Nor was this the only error. Moral insanity is by no manner of means the thing the medical witnesses attested. When we are told "that Huntington's cerebellum was so formed as to impel him to the commission of forgery; and that if set at liberty he would unquestionably repeat the fault," we may readily grant the latter position, while we laugh at the former. Monomania may take very extraordinary shapes. Men may have brains so constructed as to prompt them to the rupture of a law of nature, or to the evasion of some simple regulation of police, or the commission of some trifling penal offense; but a crime, the creature of commercial exigencies, wholly artificial and composite in its character, it is a painful absurdity to say may be suggested by a monomania. Men and women of abundant wealth, have been known to be habitually tempted to perpetrate paltry larcenies; and it is possible that vagabonds have been afflicted with such cerebral perversions as to involve the robbing of hen-roosts, and the purloining of pocket-books. But that men should have a disease of the brain inevitably impelling them to be smugglers, pirates, forgers, wreckers, or the necessary perpetrators of any other composite offense against the laws, is a piece of folly, only fully appreciated when we reflect that the abrogation of the laws creating these crimes would, if the theory be true, restore the madman to sanity. It would no longer be a mark of lunacy to write your neighbor's name at the bottom of a note, if notes were prohibited by law; it would be no longer insane to land a cargo outside the custom-house, if there was no custom-house to land it in. The whole defense, and the medical testimony to sustain, rested upon a fallacy so obvious that we confess our surprise at legal and medical gentlemen of unquestionable position lending it the sanction of their names. It will be always safe to reject the plea of insanity when the evidence shows any other sufficient motive for the act.

Wall Street and Huntington each has a lesson from this business; that of the latter the hardest and most tedious to learn. The former will probably forget all about it in three months; the latter will remember it for at least five years bating sixty days. The professional results stand a chance of being still better perpetuated.

DEMOCRACY BY PRECEDENCE.

We too often forget that the world owes its sentiment of democracy to a wisdom higher than its own, and that long before governments thought of adopting it into their institutions the Ruler of all had intertwined its great truth with the fundamental interests of society. There never was a time when people could exist together without this fact of equality of right and privilege, in some shape or other, being perceived and felt. Legislators might ignore it, but they could not banish it from the lives of men. In one way or another, the people have been represented—now in the uprising of a noble intellect from their midst, then in the form of a sublime deed that has embodied the long pent-up heroism of the popular heart: at this time by a reformer, an orator, a preacher; at another, by an inventor, an artist, a poet: in this mode, or in that manifestation, the doctrine has come out in the creed of humanity, and spoken for itself so as to be understood.

Aristocratic classes and exclusive caste have no such records to show as the people. The first movement of Christianity was to take its apostles from among fishermen and publicans. Science and art, philosophy and literature, trade and commerce, in the history of the modern world, have followed that memorable example. Where men of high birth and inherited position have appeared as prominent actors, it has been the exception, not the rule, and it has generally been as the defenders of ancient prerogative and the supporters of an antiquated régime. The fresh men—the prophetic minds—have always sprung from the masses; and but for them the blood in the heart of the world would long ago have stagnated. Organic institutions lose their power in a century or two, and sink down among fossils; but Heaven repairs the waste by sending out new thinkers and mighty actors, who start the world forward by their tremendous impulses. Nor is this at all strange, if we remember that it is humanity—not families, or interests, or monopolies—that God watches over and leads onward to a glorious earthly destiny. It is the human family, and not a favored few of its members, that is to find its millennium of intellect and love in a brotherhood of peace and purity. And perhaps no countries have illustrated this fact better than England and the United States. Look at the literature and statesmanship of England, and see what a goodly host have come from her plebeian ranks. Turn to the history of her valor, or to the achievements of her science, and mark the same truth in most significant prominence. Here are Shakspeare, Milton, Cromwell, Watt, Nelson, Davy, Faraday, with many others, to vindicate the wisdom of that law which locates the real mastery of the world among the masses. And in British jurisprudence the plebeians have borne off most of the prizes. Somers, Hardwicke, Thurlow, Kenyon, Gifford, Romilly, Wilde, Follett, Talfourd, were all destitute of ancestral distinctions. Our own history has abounded with similar examples. They are too well known to need repetition. And the older that the world grows the more numerous the instances of this splendid success. Every day the sun is prouder of the earth on which he shines; for every day artificial distinctions and inherited honors are falling lower in the scale of human advantages. The true measure of a man is what he has made himself by the aids that Providence and religion have bestowed upon him; and whenever this truth is believed and realized, we shall see that circumstances are plastic elements for human energies to mould into immortal forms. After all, Poverty is the sister of Wealth; Adversity is the portal of Prosperity; and humble life dwells in the tents to which the angels come with messages from Heaven.

LARGE PARTIES AND SMALL HOUSES.

Dickens describes an old tom-cat who got up such a tremendous tail in his rage that he couldn't enter the little hole where he lived. Fashion under excitement is equally expansive in its proportions, and requires a great space for room to swell in. Nor is it only that with hoop and petticoat the individual is dilating to a preposterous size, but the fashionable aggregate is increasing numerically beyond all reasonable limits.

Society is in a dilemma, and is puzzling itself with the question, How can limited space contain unlimited numbers? Squeezing and crushing have been tried to the utmost, until a fashionable party has become one general mash, where the men and women have no more separate individuality than so many apples in a pudding. It is all very well for the fortunate possessor of the space of a Fifth Avenue palace to issue her eight hundred or thousand invitations, and thus embrace all the world (that is, all the world worth talking about) within the precincts of her splendid hospitality. But it is not every one who has a Fifth Avenue palace, and those who have it not are, of course, sorely embarrassed, within the restricted means of their less expansive domiciles, to meet the exactions of inexorable Fashion.

A large party is an inevitable necessity, to which every woman who has a proper regard for her own dignity and the opinion of her neighbors must yield. Society admits of no compromises; it must have all or none. Not to submit to its requirements to the minutest pin's point, is to declare one's self a Pariah at once, and to be thrust out to the contempt of the fashionable world, the loss of whose esteem is, of course, not to be compensated by any gain of the respect of sensible people. There is no dodging the question. Given a small house, fill it with a large party.

The problem must be solved; the attempts at solution have been various, and, it must be allowed, creditable to the perseverance and ingenuity of our female tacticians. For example, Mrs. Tinsel has a small house but an extensive acquaintance, which, with the aid of a party purveyor, may be indefinitely extended. She sends out eight hundred invitations, one-third of whom are her own, and two-thirds Brown's friends. She don't mind a crush. In fact, she is rather ambitious of one, for it will make people uncomfortable, and compel them to talk about the crowd at Mrs. T.'s. There must, however, be something like an appearance of accommodation; it won't do to shut the door in the face of any one with white kids or a silken skirt.

The house is to be made ready, and here the clever Mrs. T. shows her tactics. The parlors are stripped, the furniture thrust into the yard, where the piano, at the payment of five hundred dollars for which Mr. T. shook his head and grumbled sonorously, is sure to catch a chronic rheumatism, and be disabled for life. The best bedchamber will be wanted for a ladies' dressing-room; the nursery for a gentlemen's ditto. So Mrs. T.'s double French bed is disjointed, and its fragments sent to keep company with the piano, and the children, God bless them! (and they need all His mercy) are sent to add to the numerous family of Mrs. T.'s sister, where, if they escape the scarlet fever, which has been running the gauntlet of Mrs. T.'s sister's household, and with which the youngest is still down, they will have reason to thank Providence, but certainly not Mrs. T. There is the basement room, too; that must be put into requisition for the supper room. But what is to become of Mr. T. and his cigar, and his evening doze over the newspaper? As for him, he can be easily disposed of. "I'll send T.," says Mrs. Tinsel, unhesitatingly, as if she had no difficulty on that point, "to the club or the corner grocery." T. is accordingly provided for in remote quarters, where he can calculate, at his leisure, the cost of his wife's party.

Mrs. Tinsel's fashionable crush takes place; and it is a crush, and that's all, but the world talks of it for a week, and Mrs. T. is, of course, happy, although T. does grumble at the expense and the folly, and in his own heart condemns his weak connivance when he kisses the fevered lips of his child, who has caught the taint of disease, and whose young life is now fluttering, before the anxious eyes of his father, over the dark gulf between hope and fear.

As the fashionable world, however, is expanding so fast, and its numbers have already so greatly increased, the ingenuity of the Mrs. Tinsels are at fault. Pulling down partitions, turning closets into sham alcoves, applying bathrooms and contiguous conveniences to all kinds of novel uses, boarding up the back stoop, cunningly concealing the pine wood with the damask curtains of the best bedroom, and other such ingenious devices, have been tried, and tried again. All, however, is vain. While there are fashionable people in small houses, they must, of course, give fashionable parties; and if fashionable people increase so in numbers that they become too numerous to accommodate within a restricted space, what is to be done? We confess ourselves, while fashion is universally acknowledged to be a necessity, unable to answer this question. It would be impolite to utter in genteel company, what under other circumstances we would emphatically urge upon the attention, the homely proverb, "Cut your coat according to your cloth."

CHRISTIANITY AND CIVILIZATION.

Every people which has a settled form of government has attained to a degree of civilization. But some nations far excel others in this respect. This superiority does not depend upon climate or soil, though these may contribute very much to heighten and beautify the civilization of any people. Yet in the most genial climates and on the most fertile soils, we do not find the highest state of society—as, for example, in Italy and Asia Minor in the Old World, and in South America in the New; while, on the other hand, we see the highest state of civilization in stern, wintry climates, and on cold, stubborn, and reluctant soils, as in the northwest of Europe, on the Continent, and in the British Isles. Nor can this difference be attributed to the race or blood, as is often supposed, for "God hath made of one blood all nations to dwell on all the face of the earth." There must be some essential internal elements of a moral and intellectual character, which chiefly makes the difference in the civilizations of different nations. This is obvious from a very slight comparison between the conditions of Christian and unchristian countries; the former having greatly the advantage over the latter in morals, in security of person, reputation, and property, and in political power. This being the fact every where, and under unequal natural disadvantages, it is safe and legitimate to refer this superiority of Christian nations over unchristian to the essential influence of Christianity on the inner life of the people among whom it prevails. It springs as naturally from this inner spiritual life as the fruit springs from the sap of the tree. This was the idea in David's mind when he said, "The trees of the Lord are full of sap."

The superior civilization of Christian countries reveals itself outwardly in national strength, and inwardly in the astonishing progress which both individuals and society have made in moral and mental culture, and in the useful and ornamental arts of life. Notwithstanding the population of Pagan and Mohammedan nations is three times as great as that of Christian countries, the national ability of the first is very greatly inferior to that of the second, either to defend themselves from assault or to punish insults offered to them. As examples, take the British power in India, in the hands of two or three hundred thousand European Christians, yet ruling over more than a hundred and fifty millions of native pagans, and this on their own soil. The submission of China to the demands of England in their late quarrel; and the virtual submission of Japan to a few American vessels of war recently, under Commodore Perry, are farther instances. We may may add the progress of the French power in Algeria, Africa. If only the six great Christian powers of the earth were agreed, they have the ability to reduce the whole unchristian nations instantly to subjection, and to distribute their territory and people among themselves. This great fact suggests a curious question, and one which may yet require an answer. It is this: What are the rights of power? If God have given these Christian nations this great superiority, does He not design that they shall use it for the good of mankind? The only question is, How shall they use it? At present the indications are, that they are required to use it in the promotion of morals, religion, and the arts of peace, and thus regenerate the world by an internal growth of individuals, communities, and nations.

The Christian nations have been accomplishing this great work of the world during the last hundred and fifty years, not only by their missions properly so called, but also by their social, civil, and political influence upon unchristian nations. This influence has already penetrated every city, town, and hamlet of the nearer pagan and Mohammedan countries; and it has greatly increased its power and widened its range in the more distant and less accessible nations, such as China, Tartary, Japan, and the isles of the seas. Even the Bedouin of the Desert is beginning to understand that the Commander of the Faithful maintains his authority by the sufferance of the Christian powers; and he is surprised, when he goes on a pilgrimage to the holy cities of Damascus and Jerusalem, to find those whom he not long ago called *Christian dogs*, not only wandering about the streets freely in their own peculiar dress, but even entering the most sacred mosques of Omer and St. Sophia. But he is still more surprised as he crosses the Euphrates, or passes along the coast of the Red Sea on his pilgrimage to Mecca, to behold the gallant steamer of the once accursed Giaour ascending to Bagdad, the city of the califs, or descending in sight of Mecca itself on its way to India or China.

If he, or his co-religionist dwelling further east, enter the bazars of Constantinople, Cairo, Damascus, or of the extreme Orient, he is compelled to purchase the fabrics and clothe himself in the manufactures of Christian artisans, instead of the stuffs of his own people. He sees every where over his own mountains, plains, and deserts, long caravans wending their ways to the great commercial marts, laden with the products of Christian manufactures; while the work-shops and manufactories of his own country are silent, and his countrymen and co-religionists are idle. In all his bays, harbors, and rivers, he sees the colors of the Christian merchantman, while he knows that the flag of his own nation is never seen in the distant Christian ports of the West. To all this may be added the significant fact, that the Mohammedans and Pagans are beginning to receive the science and literature of Christian nations, as well as the products of their arts. And as the almost exclusive possession of commerce and the useful arts is necessarily giving to Christian nations the possession and control of the wealth and power of the world, so will the diffusion of Christian science and literature among unchristian people first unsettle their confidence and belief in their own religion and destiny, then gradually regenerate them and assimilate them to the Christian civilization by the influence of the inner spiritual life which it is imparting to them.

In the execution of this great mission of the Christian nations, Christianity, out of which springs their peculiar and superior civilization, must take an active part. She must gradually reduce the power of despotism in Christian countries, and prepare the people to receive more liberal and equitable forms of government. She must co-operate with the external influence of Christian countries over unchristian, by making them understand, through her missions, the causes of the superior power of Christian lands. Nor will this be a difficult task, as the oldest and most enduring idea among men is, that the prosperity of a nation is dependent on its religion, as the prosperity of an individual depends upon his moral conduct. Religion and morals, in the common consciousness of men, direct the thoughts to a Supreme Power whose will prescribes our duty, and whose favor and blessings are the rewards of obedience, while His curse is the just return for disobedience, to nations as well as to individuals.

But while Christian civilization presents its essential features wherever it exists, it is, nevertheless, greatly influenced and modified by the prevalence of the one or the other of the three great forms in which Christianity prevails in the world. We refer to the Greek, the Roman Catholic, and the Protestant Churches.

MR. THACKERAY.

THE publication of Mr. Thackeray's new work, in which, according to report, our own country is to be freshly remembered, has been postponed for some time in consequence of his continued engagements in lecturing, the "Four Georges" having proved much more popular in England than here.

CHAT.

THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

AT the opening of a new year it is pleasant—(*tling-a-ling-a-ling*, rings the front-door bell, which having been answered by Bridget, that notable woman flouts in upon our privacy with, "Plase, Sir, it's the butcher's boy with the bill!")—it is pleasant, we say, and profitable, to dwell upon those delightful remembrances of the past—(*tling-a-ling-a-ling:* "Plase, Sir, it's the baker's bill!")—which at this season throng in upon our memory, and—(*tling-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling:* "Plase, Sir, it's the girl from the milliner's, who left Misthress's bill, and says she's tired a-coming for the money; and shure I'm tired a-openin' the door for the likes o' her!")—and—and—What? We were about indulging in some sentiment appropriate to the season, but we find, what with the butcher's, the baker's, and the wife's milliner's bill—the usual compliments of the season—that our hands are so often thrust into our pockets, that we have no chance to use them to feel for hearts. The bills must be paid if we are honest, and if not, we deserve to be branded as—lunatics (new legal term for rogues). We settle the accounts, even to the last item of our wife's millinery bill; but we hope that expansive and expensive lady will take our hint, so delicately indicated by our New-year's present to her, of a copy of "Poor Richard," with the well-known maxim, *Pay as you go*, broadly underscored. What think you, countrymen and countrywomen of Franklin, of a bill for millinery nick-nackeries with a sum total of $2000? The credit system is ruinous in matters of personal expenditure, and particularly for women who are profusely prodigal in expense but rigidly parsimonious in payment. A dollar in hand is more to them, and will be spent with less precipitancy, than hundreds on account, to be paid for by indulgent husbands and fathers in the future. "Pay as you go" should be the maxim, and then, with a more favorable balance on the credit side of the past, we shall be able to afford the indulgence of some hopeful sentiment for the future.

GOD BLESS THE QUEEN.

The reception of the Arctic ship *Resolute* by Queen Victoria, the news of which reaches us very opportunely to the season, is worth, in its genuine expression of feeling, all the sentimentalities ever uttered, and we quote the following, with a hearty response to its chivalrous tone:

"Allow me to welcome your Majesty on board the *Resolute*, and, in obedience to the will of my countrymen and of the President of the United States, to restore her to you, not only as an evidence of a friendly feeling to your sovereignty, but as a token of love, admiration, and respect, to your Majesty personally."

Such were the few, manly words, addressed by a frank, warm-hearted American sailor to the Queen of Great Britain, as she stepped on board the *Resolute* and took possession of the restored ship, which, as it is a triumph of peace and friendship, is the noblest prize ever won by the "Mistress of the Seas." Captain Hartstein, trusting to the simple emotions of a natural heart, has, in the expression "a token of love, admiration, and respect, to your Majesty *personally*," touched a cord of feeling which unites in sympathy two great nations, through stronger bonds than could be forged by means of negotiation or treaty, by the most cunning diplomacy.

It is not our part to speculate upon the influence of the personal character of Victoria upon the loyalty of her subjects; but we can say that the "love, admiration, and respect" with which that royal woman is regarded in our own country, are due to the fact that in every relation as wife, mother, and gentlewoman, she is so worthy of our honor, that all that Captain Hartstein has said will be responded to by every American heart. Small matter it may be in itself that a sovereign should yield for a moment to natural impulse and lay aside the irksome pomp and ceremony of state; but it is no longer a small matter when that sovereign, the queen of a great people, responds to the courtesy of another great people with so graceful a recognition of their common human sympathies, as to forget discordant principles of government in the mutual claims of affection. While in Victoria the sovereign we behold the gentlewoman, the virtuous wife, and the devoted mother, republican though we are, we can say with all our heart, "God bless the Queen."

FEMININE MANIAS.

Those familiar with female psychology are aware that the gentler sex are liable to periodical attacks of a mania for work. Tambour work, crochet work, transfer work, bead work, insertion work, and worsted work (for by a social fiction they all go by the name of work), are the various phases in which this feminine insanity has within a few years exhibited itself. Now, all the rage is leather-work, which is prevailing to such an extent that we literally shake in our new pair of boots, for fear of their being sacrificed to the insatiable scissors of the ladies of our household. This new work consists of a simple enough process; it is merely the cutting out pieces of calf-skin in the shape of leaves and fruit, varnishing them with seed-lac, and then attaching them to a wire frame of the desired form, whether it be a basket or a box. The result is certainly very effective, and we have seen some of this work turned out by fair hands (sadly roughened, however, in the course of the operation) which might readily pass for perfected specimens of rosewood carving. It is reported that one laborious lady, fallen from her high estate somewhere in the Fifth Avenue in the course of a financial crisis, has turned her skill in leather work to the honorable purpose of securing her pecuniary independence, and has succeeded in realizing the handsome income of a thousand dollars a year by the sale of her graceful productions.

AQUARIA.

The taste of England's wives and daughters has taken just now a scientific direction, and with their salt and fresh water aquaria they are pursuing natural history with the zeal of so many Owens or Darwins. It has been computed that enough sea-water has passed from the coast to the interior of England to float the British navy, such is the prevailing passion for preserving aquaria, and the extent of orders for salt water, which is daily sent up by hundreds of hogsheads. Kingsley, the poet and novelist, and the Christian Socialist, writes in his "Glaucus" with enthusiasm, as he always does, upon this newly developed ardor for science among his countrywomen. He tells us how it may be cultivated to the best advantages, and how we are first to buy at any glass-shop a cylindrical glass jar, some six inches in diameter and ten high, which will cost a dollar or so, and then fill it with clean salt water. Having thus provided the vase, it is to be stocked. Go down at low spring-tide to the nearest ledge of rocks, and with a hammer and chisel chip off a few pieces of stone covered with growing sea-weed. The smallest bits of stone are sufficient, provided the sea-weed has hold of them. Having secured these, put them into your vase and leave them there a day or two. Now for the marine productions for which you have prepared a suitable home where they may live and flourish. Suppose you pluck from the ledges of the rocks, as a beginning, some of the sea anemones, which appear to the uninitiated as nothing but lumps of jelly, but which are known to the wise as the *Actiniæ*. Having carefully deposited them in your vase in the night, look at them in the morning, and you shall see, if a poet's testimony is to be trusted, that "the dull lumps of jelly have taken root and flowered during the night, and that your vase is filled from side to side with a bouquet of chrysanthemums; each has expanded into a hundred-petalled flower, crimson, pink, purple, or orange; touch one, and it shrinks together like a sensitive plant, displaying at the root of the petals a ring of brilliant turquoise beads." This is an aquaria of the smallest and simplest kind, but will give some idea of the novel flower-gardens which the English dames are now cultivating, and which we would hope might be introduced into our own country. There are plenty of manuals, easily obtained, which give the fullest particulars of the mode of preparing these aquaria, and we commend those desirous of a graceful delight and a useful pursuit to study them. They will thus have a new source of intellectual pleasure to brighten their daily life, "and light the wintry paradise of home."

CONTEMPORARY NECROMANCY.

UNDER this head the *Univers*, of Paris, the leading organ of the high Roman Catholic party, *gravely* devotes a leading article of four columns to communicating through spirit-rappings in a circle at Munich, Bavaria, purporting to come from the ghosts of Socrates, St. Augustin, and other lights of the ancient world. The Greek sage expresses himself, with an animosity quite foreign to his character on earth, against the Jesuits. Among other strange declarations, St. Augustin gives the name of a *reigning sovereign* who is to destroy papacy, or, at all events, put an end to the authority of the Pope. Of course, the *Univers* withholds the name, for fear of bringing the spiritualists of Munich under the displeasure of the police.

HOW SHALL WE KEEP WARM?

TAKE three bowls; pour into one cold water, into another hot water, and into a third water that is neither cold nor hot; then place each hand respectively into the hot and cold, and now thrust both into the lukewarm. The hand that was first put into the cold water will feel hot, and that which was in the hot will feel cold, although both are exposed to exactly the same temperature. This simple experiment proves that the sensation of heat or cold is, to a great degree, relative, and teaches the lesson that to secure comfort, in the extremes of our climate, we must neither warm ourselves too much in winter nor cool ourselves too much in summer.

It is hardly possible, in the dog-days, to reduce one's temperature by any artificial cooling process short of an ice-cream freezer sufficiently to heighten the subsequent effect of the heat, although it may be questioned whether the continual drenching of the system with iced water and other refrigerant drinks does not increase rather than diminish, the torrid influence of the summer solstice. That in winter, however, we get up, by our various heating apparatus, too high a temperature within for a comfortable endurance of the necessary exposure to cold without, can not be doubted.

Our private houses and public buildings are all too hot in winter for health and comfort. There is a winter constitution necessary to endure the winter's cold, which can only be acquired in nature's own way. The chief sources of the heat of the body are, the air we breathe and the food we eat; the former supplies the fire and the latter the fuel, and from their combination results the animal temperature. In cold weather, in consequence of the density of the atmosphere, there is more air taken into the lungs in a breath than in summer, and with a greater fire necessarily a greater demand for fuel. The more air we breathe the more food we eat, and this is the method of warming the body prescribed by nature. The animal heat, which is of a uniform temperature in winter and summer, is not only essential for comfort, but health; and as all the vital processes are more or less dependent upon that for warming the body, neither agreeable sensations nor a wholesome condition can be fully secured by any artificial substitute for nature's heating apparatus.

All attempts to keep warm during winter by stoves, furnaces, and external covering exclusively are so many attacks upon the principle of life, and will result both in discomfort and ill health. We must keep up a brisk inward blaze, and this can only be done by breathing the concentrated fire of the winter air, stocking ourselves with the compact fuel of animal food, and keeping up the combustion by the continual stir of active exercise. It is not those who are always trying to keep themselves warm by all sorts of cunning contrivances who succeed best in making themselves warm. The indoor body—your wife, for example, who shuts herself up for the winter in a house hermetically sealed by double casements, heated by a hot fiery furnace to a temperature which almost renders the oven superfluous, and dispenses with the necessity of a cook, is always complaining of her cold feet, and gives you such a cold grasp with her freezing little hands that they send a chill at once to your heart. There is such a domestic fire kept up to warm the shivering mistress of the house, that nothing less than a connubial salamander can endure it, and every wholesome warm-blooded married man, what with the thermometer at the boiling point and the temper at an equally elevated temperature *within*, is driven to the necessity of refreshing himself with the cold *without*.

Sedentary people, who neither breathe, eat, nor exercise as they should, will necessarily be in an unwholesome condition, and have unwholesome sensations. "Is that your foot, Cæsar? I smell something burning," says Cuffee, perfectly unconscious, apparently, that it was his own pedal extremity that was roasting before the fire. This, however apocryphal, is a good illustration of the insensibility to heat acquired by being constantly exposed to its extremes. Our indoor people get so baked and hardened by the high temperature to which they are constantly subjected, that they have no sensation left but that of cold. Let the thermometer be fast mounting toward boiling point, and the heat such that it would overcook a canvas-back duck, and they will still *feel* cold, and, moreover, insist that it *is* cold. Their feelings, however, are no test of temperature, as they might find out by looking at the thermometer, or by the simple experiment of the three bowls of water which we have already described. They do feel cold, however, when every healthy person feels hot, and for no other reason than because they are in an unwholesome condition—a condition in which not only their sensations are involved, but all their functions. To have comfort, and, what is more important, health, we must obey the law of nature, which prescribes air, food, and exercise as the only means for the production of the necessary animal heat.

It is not only that the excessively high temperature of our indoor life is positively injurious to health, but it indisposes, from its relaxing and weakening effects, to that outdoor existence which alone can modify their injurious influence. The sensations become so morbidly acute to the least breath of cool air, that after a person has once undergone the process of cooking in one of our home-ovens, he becomes as averse to go out in the winter atmosphere as a hydrophobic dog would be to plunge himself into the North River.

The simple rule is to acquire healthy sensations by means of wholesome habits, and then there will be no desire to overheat our houses, which do not in winter require a higher temperature than 60°. That degree of heat should be comfortable, as it is healthful, to all who are in a natural condition of body. In winter less heat can be borne safely than in summer, for nature, by a process of her own, provides the body in the former season with a greater quantity, in accordance with the greater demand, and thus renders it more independent of, and more liable to be damaged by, any large artificial supply. Let us, then, keep down the fire of our house-furnaces and keep up a brisk combustion within our bodies, by air, food, and exercise, that we may have an abundant supply of that vital heat, without which there can neither be comfort nor health.

THE NEW WAR IN ASIA—HERAT.

A WAR is just breaking out in Asia, which can hardly fail to alter the political condition of the central part of that continent, and may, when we least expect it, relight the flame just extinguished in Europe.

It is about Herat. Geographical dictionaries, gazetteers, and atlases inform us that Herat is a town of say 30,000 inhabitants, the capital of an independent Affghan Principality, which borders Persia on the west and Khiva on the north; and we further learn, that from its situation and the fertile character of the country through which the road runs from the Caspian or Khiva to Herat, and from Herat to Candahar, it is the key to the British Possessions in India, and the natural *point d'appui* for a Russian army of invasion. We shall now endeavor to glean from the travels of General Ferrier, just published, the memoranda of Sir John Login, and other sources, some further details respecting Herat, and the causes of the war to which it has given rise.

The people of Herat say that their city was built by Alexander the Great. Very likely he improved and strengthened it; so excellent a soldier must have seen its strategical importance, and taken care to use it for his purposes. It became, we learn, a city of much trade and riches; when Genghis Khan took and sacked it, in 1232, it contained 1,600,000 inhabitants, every one of whom was put to the sword. From that period to 1607, it was actually sacked and burned to the ground six times; was taken and ravaged by every one of the Asiatic conquerors of the ages we call medieval. In 1749 it was a dependency or province of Persia. In that year Ahmed Khan conquered it and annexed it to Affghanistan, and some years afterward, a grandson of this Ahmed, having appointed his step-brother Governor of Herat, it was severed from the Affghan empire, and erected into an independent Principality. It is so still, or has been until October last; but it has had some fierce struggles to maintain its independence. The chiefs of Candahar and Cabul have attacked it with pertinacity. And the Persians, instigated by Russia, have besieged it again and again.

The greatest of these sieges was in 1838, when the present Shah of Persia marched against Herat with an imposing army. He was chiefly guided by a Russian officer, and his best regiment consisted of Russians who were called deserters. On the other hand, the Heratians were mostly directed by an English officer named Pottinger, who was the real commandant of the garrison, though only a visitor on leave of absence from his regiment. The Heratians and Persians were in fact mere shuttle-cocks for the Russian and English battledores to play with. The siege was ultimately raised by the Persians, but not till they had half-burned Herat, and reduced its people to incredible extremities from famine and the casualties of war. From 90,000, the population fell in one year to 7000, a vast proportion of the people having sold themselves as slaves to avoid dying of hunger. General Ferrier, who visited Herat in 1845, states that in the ten months' siege the Persians spread more havoc than ought to have been caused by a hundred years of war.

The Persians repulsed, on the murder of the Shah Kamran the throne of Herat was usurped by the famous Yar Mohammed. This man seems to have possessed remarkable qualities, and to have seen through all the contending parties by which he was surrounded. He made treaties with Persia and Candahar, and quieted them; did some sort of homage to the Shah, and held the stirrup of the British Resident when he mounted his horse. By this conciliatory policy he succeeded in preventing attempts upon the independence of Herat during his lifetime. He reigned from 1842 to 1852.

General Ferrier visited him at Herat. He describes him as a tall, hard-faced man, wrapped in Cashmere shawls, and wearing the Persian black cap. After they had smoked together, and tea had been handed round, Yar Mohammed charged Ferrier with being an Englishman on a diplomatic journey. Ferrier protested that he was a Frenchman traveling for pleasure, but he did not quite convince his host. This is the more easily understood when it is known that the Affghans believe that Napoleon was an English general, who fought the Russians. Yar Mohammed kept General Ferrier a close prisoner, though he treated him with great civility; sent presents to him daily, and regaled him with the sight of his dancing bayadères. He and his ministers were rather hurt that Ferrier would not get drunk with them.

Yar was a good soldier and a hard-working man. He was Vizier during the siege of 1838, and displayed great activity in repelling the Persians. His mode of detecting their mines was curious. Wherever he suspected the Persians were undermining the ground, he set a plate filled with small seed; the least blow of pick or spade brought down some seeds, and betrayed the subterranean operations. Every day during his reign he sat six hours on a judgment-seat, administering justice. His decisions were uniformly fair, and his rigor in punishing robbers so terrible, that Herat was by far the safest Asiatic country to travel in during his time. For his own safety he never trusted to Providence. Six hundred men were always on guard at the palace. A trusty Indian slept across his bedroom door; the same man brought him his meals in closed dishes, padlocked. Yet he was well liked by the people.

He was cruel, like most Eastern despots. There was no mercy for people who were behind-hand with their taxes; a cobbler could not make a shoe without paying him something. Inveterate criminals were savagely punished. General Ferrier saw a poor wretch, who had committed several crimes, blown from a cannon; his limbs and head flew to a distance, but his entrails fell close to the cannon, and were greedily devoured by dogs.

The most amusing part of the society of Herat was the doctors. They get drugs from British India, and try to find out their properties by using them on patients in progressive doses. One of the ablest of them showed a bottle of cyanide of mercury to General Ferrier, and asked him,

"What devil of a salt can this be? Of one hundred patients to whom I have given it, only one was cured: all the rest died."

A high official had his leg broken in General Ferrier's presence by a kick from a horse. The poor man fell, and fainted from the pain which his friends caused him by twisting the limb to find where the fracture was. Ferrier ran into a grocery, and asked for a glass of vinegar.

"Give me a rupee and you shall have half a glass," said the grocer.

"Rascal and ass!" cried Ferrier, "you shall have nothing; the sirdar is dying, and this is no time for bargaining."

"When can I have such another opportunity for making a bargain?" replied the grocer, sententiously, turning his back on his customer. When the wounded man was carried home and the doctors sent for, they spent two hours in theoretical discussion before they looked at the leg. Then they differed on the question whether the wound should be first washed or the leg set at once. The setter carried his point, and got ready his splinters; but before he fixed them, he bethought himself that a mollah must offer a prayer before he set to work. An hour was consumed in finding the holy man, and the prayer lasted three quarters more; after which the leg was roughly set, the patient rending the air with his cries of agony. Then arose a fight among the doctors about his diet; one was for hot food, another for cold, some for abstinence, and so on. As they could not agree, they drew lots, and took the advice of an astronomer, who consulted a constellation; upon these two bases they decided that the wounded man should have as much as he could possibly eat, but no drink at all.

Herat has been visited once or twice by cholera, which has made great ravages. The principal physician acknowledged that his "ignorant colleagues found it rather a difficult disease to treat, but to him it was mere child's play." His most effectual prescription, he said, had been the ninety-nine attributes of the Deity, repeated in presence of the patient by three old men, two young men, and one maid, twice out loud and once to themselves.

Yar Mohammed, who was never satisfied that his French friend was as harmless as he pretended, was loth to let him go. General Ferrier's annoyance at his detention was increased by quiet hints he received from visitors, who assured him that he would be murdered at the first opportunity. When he walked out, he used to hear people in the crowd say, 'Poor fellow! how thin he has got!" "Ah, how young he is to die!" By dint of courage and address, he succeeded in frustrating the designs of his host, if, indeed, the Shah ever had any; and after some weeks genteel confinement, pursued his travels through Affghanistan.

Yar Mohammed died in 1852, and his son, Syud Mohammed, succeeded to the throne. He was a mere simpleton, who spent his time in playing with an elephant which his father-in-law, Dost Mohammed, had given him. He once paid a visit to an English mess-table, and expressed a desire to learn some words of English. A waggish officer instructed him that the common salutation among the English was, "You are a spoon!" upon which young Syud, on his return home, accosts his father,

"*Agir-be-adebi na bashud*" ("By your leave, father"), "you are a spoon!"

He did not last long. A member of the old reigning family, which Yar Mohammed had set aside to usurp the throne—Mohammed Yussuf Shahzadah—overthrew him, and took his place as sovereign of Herat.

Our latest accounts from Herat state that the Shah had besieged and taken the place, and appointed this Yussuf Persian governor and military commander. Yussuf was well known to Sir John Login, who assured his government that he would be a firm friend to the English; if so, the story of Yussuf's being appointed Persian governor would be somewhat improbable.

The English have met this Perso-Russian move by a countermove—similar to the demonstration made in 1838—in the Persian Gulf. To march a British army, with the enormous *impedimenta* usual in India, to Herat, would be almost impossible. The East India Company have merely sent 6000 fighting men, with 12,000 camp-followers, in 32 steamers and transports, to the Persian port of Bushire, and occupied it, and one or two other desirable points. Thus, though the fall of Herat lays open the flank of India—for you can drive a pleasure carriage all the way from Teheran to Candahar by Herat, and, once over the Persian border, an army can be maintained with the utmost facility—on the other hand, the English will seize all the Persian Gulf ports, and gain south what they lose north. The ultimate question will hinge on the remaining military strength of Russia.

A VISIT TO THE MAYOR OF NEW YORK.

THE fiftieth stanza of "Fanny," by Fitz Greene Halleck, presented the New Yorkers of thirty-five years ago with the following free-penciling of their municipal temple:

> "And on our City Hall a Justice stands—
> A neater form was never made of board—
> Holding majestically in her hands
> A pair of steelyards and a wooden sword;
> And looking down with complaisant civility,
> Emblem of dignity and durability."

The description is perfectly good yet, although the architecture is of the kind now known as sulky. Justice is still afar off from the crowds beneath. The rear of the City Hall is still of dark stone, emblematical when Halleck croaked, of the idea that the city would never grow beyond the Park: typical nowadays, say the modern "croakers," that the City Hall hath a black side as well as a white one. The ungainly bell tower and regiment of iron chimney-pots, reviewed by every passing wind, give the whole building an appearance of a spoils-defying fortress.

Presenting these reflections to the seedy philosopher who, this chill December day, is shivering over a half a pint of peanuts on the City Hall steps, let us enter the municipal temple, and turning toward its Broadway corner, in the wake of a carman evidently feeling the want of a license, we find a modest sign, painted many years ago, which reads: "MAYOR'S OFFICE. *Hours from* 11 to 2." The arrangement of hours, like the lettering, was of olden time, for it is only half past nine, and there is a bustling about which gives token of earlier seasons for official labors. Yes! the Mayor is already at his table in the private room, surrounded by documents and all the paraphernalia of red-tape-istry. He has driven five miles into town, and with the glow of the exercise upon his frame, sat himself down for a few minutes to glance at the pile of daily newspapers which are heaped upon his table. After a short reading of the municipal topics in order to catch the late occurrences among his constituency, and to ascertain if any thing demands his aid, he has folded them up ready for a full perusal during the afternoon drive toward dinner and domesticity. His chief clerks, and private secretary, and marshal have already handed in their daily budget of items and reminders. And, as visitor number one, the Chief of Police has appeared with the nightly returns from twenty-two wards, to rapidly glean them over and compare notes on the state of the metropolis. 'Tis a foul and cumbersome catalogue of petty crime; but rapid eyes down this column, and ready check-marks, by the pencil, up that line, in a very short time reduce the catalogue to a systematized budget for instructions; and presently Mr. Chief retires to his own appropriate bureau to issue the orders for the day. A busy crowd is already thronging the private door, at which stands a confidential officer of police to take and bear commands. Yonder stands policeman "X," who has an order to report himself for reprimand; close to him Sergeant "Y," who has some special trusts to fulfill, and in the group of blue coats various other officers and privates of the police force with some message or a grievance to narrate. Here is the city official for a conference; a sewing-woman with a tale of oppression; the merchant with some sense of wrong, and the artisan with sundry family woes within his breast which he is confident the Mayor can relieve. There the emigrant—the traveler in search of passport—the messenger from a sister city—the sea-captain holding in his hand a protest ready for certificate—a refractory hackman, and a downcast politician hoping for an office. The courteous chief clerk threads his way into the group, and presently the policemen range in line for entrance in succession to the Mayor's table; the official has his card sent in; the sewing-woman is given a chair; the emigrant is pointed to the proper desk; the hackman visits the Marshal's railing, and the politician is handed a newspaper over which to ponder while the more important suitors take their turn. The Mayor has been looking over the morning mail the while—letters there from an alphabet of cities and half-a-directory-full of correspondents—glancing at the superscription and the dates, he makes two piles, one for the chief clerk and the other for his private secretary. There has been, too, an occasional pencil-mark—when "ting" goes the summons-bell, and the doors are open for the entrance of the classified group, which is succeeded every quarter hour by another and still another, until the door-man gapes in wearied sympathy with the large clock at his right hand, that seems to "tell off," as with a pendulum tally, the entrances and the exits.

Let us look around the big office a bit. We are being stared at from the wall by the portrait of a Turkish embassador, who presented himself to the Mayor's office by way of introducing a look of laziness into the reigning bustle. A fine picture of the City Prison across the room frowns upon His Turkish Highness as if the dungeons behind the flat of brown and white coloring groaned to give the polygamist a gentle hug. Little else of ornament, however. The carpet is business-like in pattern, and the chandelier is of urban dignity—all else to be written down in a catalogue of mahogany desks, paper, ink, and quills. Mr. Clerk to the Emigration is our neighbor, as we sit. Shall we put a question? Before he asks us *our* business, let us pose him by demanding his.

He gives it with a smile, and from his well-arranged narrative we learn how vast an entrepôt of emigration is the American metropolis, with its half million yearly comers—how the captains are obliged to bond their sick and needy, and how careful is the watch which American charity keeps over the home health and the home coffers.

We turn from him to the Mayor's clerk of Police Commission. Through *his* hands pass all the complaints for neglect against policemen; *he* it is who astronomically holds the telescope by which the Police Board gaze at and examine refractory or shooting stars of municipal care; *he* it is who receives and files the answers to charges, and keeps the minutes of the Board in a ponderous tome, and records decisions; and is altogether big with the [illegible] of those who trump rogues with clubs at the bidding of the city.

But the busiest man hereabout is in the eastern angle. Railed in too, as if especial violence were threatening him; smiling withal, as with the look of one habituated to querists and to human nature. Heigho! a bit of dramatics in his corner. Yonder Jehu-looking individual with the stubby whip is commencing an argument.

"You see, Mr. Marshal, as how this lady had three boxes and—"

"*Trunks*, you drunken vagabond, and all my best wardrobe in—," interrupts a fidgety bonnet.

"And I thought as how a decent woman would'nt begrudge an extra quarter for carrying—"

Aha! a Jehu brought to judgment for extortion! Strong-minded woman that! A martyr to civic patriotism, she! How they fire and cross-fire, rhetorically! The Marshal listens blandly. *He* stop them? No indeed! Very injudicious course would that be, my dear Sir, for one who knows enough of human nature to become aware that loquacity, like steam, must find vent, and that the more open the valves are left the better for boilers and engineers. Presently the rhetoric falls down to 32°, and there is an icy stillness, broken by the Marshal, who proceeds to tell Jehu how and where he went wrong, and to bid him "fork over" five dollars by way of fine. An interested group of brother Jehus stand around, and, elbowed by them, is an expectant pawnbroker in greasy clothes, who has been of late, it will seem, filibustering among the thieves without a license, and is shortly to be brought beneath the crushing section of an ordinance in the case of three-ball tax-payers, made and provided.

An interlude of dram-sellers breaking the license laws was once enacted in his corner, before the judges and legislators knocked their heads together and made a "muddle" of prohibition. Very likely Mr. Marshal is glad of it, for the cartmen, and omnibus heroes, and hackney Jehus, and Ishmaelitish pawnbrokers furnish him with work enough.

While we have thus been glancing at these details the Mayor has been still hard at work arranging generalities for each subordinate, during momentary lull in the grievances levee, or countersigning warrants on the Treasury, or glancing at committee reports from the aldermen, or dashing off brief notes and memoranda, or examining into a question of bail, or giving signatures to license blanks, and passports, and permits by the score, as his private secretary lays them on the table.

But the air hereabout grows thick and close—a thousand lungs have already tainted the oxygen which the gigantic stove and leviathan grate had in mercy spared, and turning our backs upon this scene of civic management, we re-enter the Park, feeling that if the officials left behind us accomplish little toward government, they endeavor much, and "keep up a power of thinking!"

LITERARY.

Aurora Leigh, *by Elizabeth Barrett Browning.* New York: C. S. Francis & Co.

Miss Barrett was long known in America before she became Mrs. Browning, and her admirers much feared that that event in her life was premonitory of an increase in the chief fault of her writings, the obscurity and verbosity that are her husband's characteristics. But it has not been so, and there is a decided improvement in this respect visible in Aurora Leigh.

It is the autobiography, in blank verse, of a poetess. The daughter of an English father and Italian mother, born in Florence, with warm southern temperament, is, by the death of her parents, left an orphan at an early age, and is brought to England and the care of an English aunt. The descriptions of her English home and of English character are among the best things in the book. She meets a cousin, one Romney Leigh, who asks his poor cousin to marry him, but is refused, for reasons that appear but dimly in several pages of conversation. Aurora becomes a poetess, supports herself by her writings, and leaves England; while Romney nearly marries another person, but is prevented by the plotting of a third, and Marian, whom he was about to marry, becomes an outcast. Aurora meets her in Paris wandering in shame, and takes her to her heart and to her Italian home, where Romney comes, in deep affliction, and after again offering to marry Marian, is, in the end, accepted by Aurora, who has learned lessons of wisdom by her life.

The book is full of quiet beauty. Many of the sketches are exquisite in delicacy, evincing all that appreciation of the true beauty of life which has characterized some of Miss Barrett's former works, and is her chief virtue as a poetess. Scenes from many of the cities and countries of Europe will be recognized by travelers, and admired by those who have not traveled.

Once in a while, indeed, we find passages that almost lead one to think the husband of Mrs. Browning must have interlined them without her knowledge, such contrasts are they to the pages on which they stand. Such, for example, as this:

Romney Leigh, who lives by diagrams,
And crosses out the spontaneities
Of all his individual personal life
With formal universals. * * *
What if even God
Were chiefly God by living out Himself
To an Individualism of the Infinite
Eterne, intense, profuse—still throwing up
The golden spray of multitudinous worlds
In measure to the proclive weight and rush
Of His inner nature—the spontaneous love
Still proof and outflow of spontaneous life.

And the ointment that Mary poured on the feet of Christ is elsewhere dignified as the "rich medicative nard."

But there are passages to make amends for such blemishes, and though there is too much of the book, it is nevertheless a mine of much pleasant and beautiful thought, and will be widely read by all lovers of poetry.

There are as many classes of poets in England and America just now as there are shades and colors of men. Of these Miss Barrett was in the front of the most popular class a few years ago, and perhaps may be so understood now, although taste has changed, and her style is also much altered.

If she were to rewrite that exquisite "Bertha in the Lane"—than which there is not to be found in English a more tender, delicate, and beautiful poem—we have no doubt that she would omit the last verse, which has become celebrated as the embodiment of the fault we have before alluded to.

Jesus, victim, comprehending
Love's divine self-abnegation,
Cleanse my love in its self-spending,
And absorb the poor libation!
Wind my thread of life up higher,
Up through angel's hands of fire
I aspire while I expire.

It seems incredible that such is the conclusion of a poem, almost every verse of which is as beautiful as this:

Then I always was too grave—
Liked the saddest ballads sung,
With that look, besides, we have
In our faces, who die young.
I had died, dear, all the same—
Life's long, joyous, jostling game
Is too loud for my meek shame.

Miss Barrett's married life has been passed chiefly in Florence, where she is the ornament of a literary circle which is totally separate from the gay crowd who usually throng the mob assemblies at the Pitti Palace, and which numbers such persons as the younger Tennyson and his family, Hiram Powers, Mr. and Mrs. Kinney, the Trollopes, and other English and American residents of the north of Italy. In such quiet and elegant employments as befit her tastes, she is learning some of the lessons which Aurora Leigh learned before her marriage, and we look for yet more brilliant and polished results of her imagination, pruned and cultivated by study and experience.

The Poetical Works of Horace and James Smith, with Portraits, etc., *edited by Epes Sargent.* New York: Mason Brothers.

Once in a while a voice comes out of the past half century that startles us of these later years with a tone of indescribable melancholy. Sometimes we think the world never will see such days in literature as were the days of Wordsworth, and Coleridge, and Byron, and Leigh Hunt, and Shelley, and, gentlest of all, Charles Lamb; and then any thing that serves to recall the brilliancy of that galaxy that now gathered around Lamb's dingy lamps, and now shone in the palaces of St. James, even such a reminder as the republication of the Rejected Addresses is welcome above all modern books. Such was the autobiography of Leigh Hunt; such preeminently Talfourd's final memorials of Elia; such Tom Moore's letters; and such will now be the poems of the authors of the Rejected Addresses.

We open the book with a sigh, thank the American editor for a pleasant preface, and then hurry into the company of old friends. Before closing the covers, we must present one or two of these to our readers. If they are old acquaintances, they are none the less always welcome:

'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that swingeth,
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer.

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
But to that fane most catholic and solemn
Which God hath planned.

* * * * *

Were I in churchless solitudes remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers and divines,
My soul would find, in flowers of God's ordaining,
Priests, sermons, shrines!

James Smith wrote in his niece's album the following lines. Horace was married, but he remained a bachelor:

Should I seek hymen's tie,
As a poet I must die—
Ye Benedicks; mourn my distresses,
For what little fame
Is annexed to my name
Is derived from *Rejected Addresses.*

Leigh Hunt was accustomed to call Horace Smith "delicious," and Shelley wrote that in him were combined

"Wit and sense,
Virtue and human knowledge, all that might
Make this dull world a business of delight."

Canterbury Tales, *by Harriet Lee.* 2 vols. New York: Mason Brothers.

Harriet Lee was ninety-six years old when she died, in 1851. It seems incredible, when we read it in the preface to these volumes, that the inventor of these tales, which have been fireside companions to two generations, and bid fair in this new edition to do the same duty to a third, could have lived to our day, much more that she could be an old woman. The inventor or relater of stories that were familiar to our youth have always a sort of eternal youth and freshness in our imaginations. It is needless to remind our readers that the "Canterbury Tales," if not themselves classic, are associated with classic days, and the names of distinguished authors, and have always been regarded as among the most curious and extraordinary fictions of modern literature.

Doré, *by a Stroller in Europe.* New York: Harper & Brothers.

The author of this book has not followed beaten tracks of thought, if he has been over well-trodden paths of travel. The book is fresh and spirited, written by a man who is manifestly no book-maker, and so much the pleasanter on that account. Mindful of the fact that so many before him have described people and places in every city and valley of Europe, he has but given us the most interesting and brilliant of his thoughts and experiences—just such as every one who has been in Europe will enjoy being reminded of, and such as persons who have not been there will like to read and know of. It is a luxury to turn over the pages of a new author whose keen appreciation of the ludicrous and enjoyment of fun adds a charm to scenes which we should otherwise pass over as too old and often sketched, and whose observation, always reaching beyond the surface of the world around him, finds material for interest and amusement where hundreds have passed before finding nothing.

The title of the book, Doré, fancifully chosen, and signifying "gilded," is used by our author to express the difference between the outside show and the inner realities of things. Here is a very true remark on a French and European custom, with which all American travelers have been disgusted:

Of the fashions that this thirst for the new and the different from the *hoi polloi* has engendered, there is one of manners (for manners follow the same changes and extremes as dress) so disgusting and dirty that I am almost ashamed to mention it on paper. It is universal, as well in private society as in the restaurants, and has lately been copied to some extent in other parts of the world. It is that of rinsing the mouths and spitting in bowls after dinner and at the table. How such a filthy custom ever got vogue in society is truly puzzling. To see a table of fifteen or thirty ladies and gentlemen, the élite of Paris, sitting in full dress, blazing in silks, laces, and diamonds, stop their elegant conversation, and at a given notice commence gurgling and spitting, is more surprising than the conduct of the Western man at a dinner in New York, who, after drinking all the water in his finger-bowl, where there was a slice of lemon, said that really the dinner was very good, but he did not think much of the lemonade! At a restaurant the evil is worse; for just as you are beginning to take your soup, from certain noises on either side you imagine your neighbors have a sudden attack of sea-sickness.

Charles Dickens conducted the spitting orchestra in his overture to America, and all the little Dickenses, and all the big Dickenses, French and English, chimed in, striking every note of the gamut and inventing others, till we spit snow-storms, spit cotton-fields, and spit rivers of tobacco; and many persons in France now think that spit is a profession in America, followed by a majority of the people, the rest being slave-owners!

There *is* more spitting in America than in any country I have seen, but the lowest of them never spit at table. This, however, is only one of a thousand instances of the way America, the best-slandered country on earth, is judged. How many fashions and customs there are that are thought refined in Paris, that if they existed only in America would therefore be thought barbarous and hooted at! Such is the toadyism of men. The use of finger-bowls is not disgusting, because it is absolutely necessary to wipe one's fingers after eating, and whether we wipe them wet or wipe them dry, there is not much difference; it would certainly be very rude to run the risk of soiling a lady's fan, or books, or gloves, by neglect of this custom; and so all fashions ought to have, at least, some slight basis of utility in them, and even then not be adopted if involving any thing offensive to others.

Who can forget, that has seen it, that strange corner of Switzerland, known to Germans as *Leukerbad*, and to the French as *Loeche?* Here is our stroller's adventure there:

In the first place, you can't find it; but in journeying through Switzerland you may suddenly tumble down upon it unawares, over the German *wall*—called in Switzerland a *pass.* After you have tumbled down this frightful preci*pass* (excuse the pun, if people will call such a declivity as that a pass), and have descended to the bottom of as deep and gloomy a gorge as you ever saw in your life, you are astonished at being told by some Swiss savant that you are still higher than the peak of the highest mountain in Great Britain! On either side of you are perpendicular walls of black rock; behind, the eternal snows and ice of a glacier; and in front—never mind; let us hope that the front is a place to get out by. In such a spot, one is prepared for a *lusus naturæ* of any sort; therefore I was not at all surprised at being told that on the top of yonder cliff was a village, and that the only direct passage for the inhabitants of that village to the baths was by ladders down the rocky wall. Thither my curiosity led me, through a woody slope, and along a rocky path, overhung by steep and jagged precipices, to the very foot of the famous *Leiter*.

And here let me say that the boys of Monumental No. 6, or any other *fire*-boys of San Francisco, would never dream of climbing a six-story building on such ladders, and what San Franciscan firemen won't do *can't* be done. However, six-story precipices are more easily ascended when there are no burning timbers to fall on one's head than six-story houses during a raging fire. Besides, the peasant women here climb these ladders fearlessly, and from their dress you would suppose them to be a branch of the celebrated Bloomer societies of America. From stern necessity, they have banished hoop petticoats, skirts, and whatever else can hinder their upward progress, and have donned—what all women secretly desire to don—the outward badge of masculine authority. Seizing the first round, I commenced the ascent. The ladders are rudely made, and often very loosely fastened to the rocks, so that they shake and tremble at every footstep; and the rounds, instead of being nicely-cut lengths of strong wood, are generally bits of crooked branches, with the bark stripped off, thrust through the holes made to receive them, and protruding frequently several inches beyond the edges of the side-pieces. Sometimes the ladders are discontinued, and steps cut into the solid rock succeed, and these places are more dangerous than the ladders themselves, because there is nothing to take hold of, unless one stoops and grasps the smoothly-worn stones. A single slip here would drop you swiftly down to Hades, with a very slight halt, indeed, on the earthly crust below. But on the ladders, unless you become giddy or nervous, or the rounds break, or a rock from above falls on your head, or the ladders become loosened, *you are comparatively safe!*

When about half way up, hanging midway between heaven and earth, I looked above me, and, to my horror, saw a woman descending. However, she looked like a little thing, and I thought I could easily squirm around her, or over her, or under even, if she were a better squirmer than I. Still, prudence induced me to stop and await the approach of the enemy, in order that, in case of catastrophe, the fall might be from as low a height as possible, for I have no doubt that in such a tumble every foot of descent contains a life-time of agony. Down she came, rear foremost, foot by foot, with square and solid tread, cracking the ladders at every step, and shaking the whole framework from top to bottom. As she approached nearer, I could see there was nothing short of two hundred pounds' weight backing down leisurely but certainly upon me. She was now only thirty feet above me. What if she should slip or fall! I shuddered at the thought, and instinctively arched my back, hoping that, the two convex surfaces meeting, she might bound over like the avalanches over the Simplon Road. Crack, crack, creak, creak, went the ladders, with the regularity of a pendulum, as the ponderous mass descended, in shape like an inverted balloon, in weight like a meal-bag. I tried to cry out, but my voice was absolutely thick from fright, and I could only pray that she might have another pair of eyes granted her behind, or at least that she might use her natural eyes by giving a glance downward in time to avert serious consequences. But no; she rolled on in all the pride of solidity and security, like the boy in the dirt-cart who goes to sleep on top of his load, sure that every thing on the road will turn out for him. I saw it was necessary that something should be done promptly, and happily cast my eyes on a good big bush growing out of a little scanty earth on the rock's side. To seize a stout twig and strip it was the work of an instant; to grasp the ladder firmly with my left hand and the switch with the right was the work of another, and by this time the enemy was broadside on. I immediately administered a succession of blows, as smartly and as rapidly as I could, on the most prominent part of her back; and, gentle reader, if you ever saw a cat chased to a tree by a dog, you can imagine how that mass of flesh shot up the side of the cliff! She never stopped, and never looked back till clear out of sight, but hand over hand and foot over foot she paddled away with an ascensive power far beyond her weight, as if all the imps and monkeys of the lower regions were after her. Such is the effect of fire in the rear!

The book is altogether one of the most agreeable and delightful books of travel note extant, and our readers will thank us for calling their attention to it.

Songs of Summer, *by Richard Henry Stoddard.* Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

There is poetry in the author of this verse:

"You may drink to your leman in gold
In a great golden goblet of wine;
She's as ripe as the wine, and as bold
As the glare of the gold;
But this little lady of mine,
I will not profane her in wine.
I go where the garden so still is
(The moon raining through),
To pluck the white bowls of the lilies,
And drink her in dew!"

The American Catalogue of Books, or English Guide to American Literature. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Co.

It is interesting to know that the English demand for American literature is such as to authorize a London house in publishing an octavo catalogue in expensive style. This is a great improvement on the catalogue of 1852-3 by the same house, and contains much valuable information on American authors and literature.

Parochial Sermons, Preached in St. Ann's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., *by Rev. B. C. Cutler, D.D.* Philadelphia: H. Hooker & Co.

This volume contains twenty-one sermons by the excellent rector of St. Ann's, whose praise is in all the churches. They will be welcome to the world at large, as well as to his own parishioners. Dr. Cutler is a sound theologian in his Church, of moderate views, as his writings evince, while his earnest piety gives to them a warm tone, which renders them peculiarly refreshing.

One hundred and seventy books were published in Great Britain from November 29 to December 13. Many of these are new editions or republications, and out of the number that are strictly new we find very few of general interest.

"The Life and Correspondence of Sir John Malcolm" abounds in interesting reminiscences, especially of Waterloo times. It is somewhat odd to hear a man speaking of Blucher say, that "he once knew him, when borrowing from a Jew, to supply his passion for gaming, take hold of the little Israelite by the collar, and hold him at arms'-length out of a high window." It is related of Bonaparte that he was in the habit of whittling on chairs and tables with a knife, illustrating his conversation, as our college professor used to say his class did his lectures, with wood-cuts. Volney told Malcolm that he one day found Napoleon, at the Luxembourg, cutting up a beautiful inlaid table.

A very interesting book, published by Blackie & Son, is "The Ladies of the Reformation," full of incidents in the home life of Luther, Calvin, and other great reformers. The history of Luther and Katharine von Bora is a romance in itself. Every one remembers the sneer of Erasmus, who, when he heard that Luther's marriage was about to take place, remarked that the Reformation, like other farces, was to end with a wedding. Luther did it all up rapidly. He went with three friends (Louis Cranach, the painter, was one) to her house; proposed, was accepted, formally betrothed, and married, all on the same day. A curious marriage-present was that made to them next day by the magistrates of Wittenberg—fourteen measures of wine of different sorts, and free access for one year to the wine-cellars of the city!

"Dramatic Scenes," with other poems, now first printed by Barry Cornwall, will, of course, be republished in America, where Proctor's verses have vast popularity. The English edition is splendidly illustrated. Burton's "Medina and Mecca" has passed to a second edition, with additional illustrations, and the author has gone on an expedition up the Nile. The English papers mention that he has carried with him an iron boat built on the American plan, but do not inform their readers that he ordered it built in America, where alone it could be constructed in a manner to satisfy this bold traveler.

Dr. Horatio Bonar of Kelso has published a volume of travels—"From Cairo to Beersheba." We traveled with him from Dan to Beersheba, or rather from Beersheba to Dan, parting from him at the latter place, which is near Cesarea Philippi (now Banias), and from his personal character, as well as his former works, we have no doubt of the value and interest of this. Thackeray's lectures, delivered in this country, are immensely popular in Scotland, where he is repeating them constantly. His remarks on their pet, Queen Mary, are received by the Scots with hisses, but they crowd his hall notwithstanding. Bailey, author of "Festus," is placed on the pension list, and receives £100 per annum. This is not to be regarded as an indication of his need of a pension, but rather of the ministerial appreciation of his poetry. John Kenyon, Esq., one of the friends of Wordsworth and Southey, and others of that circle, and to whom Miss Barrett dedicated "Aurora Leigh," died a few days ago at the Isle of Wight. The death of Mr. Bogue, the London publisher, is a source of general regret. He was part owner of the *Illustrated Times.*

ADDITIONAL RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

NEW YORK.

D. Appleton & Co.

Memoirs of Washington. By Mrs. C. M. Kirkland. 1 vol. 12mo, $1 50.

Records of the Heart, and Other Poems. By Estelle Anna Lewis, Ill. 1 vol. 8vo, $5 00.

Dana & Co.

Children's Bread in Crumbs from the Master's Table. 1 vol. 16mo, $1 00.

My Stepmother; or, the Power of Love. By Sarah Roberts, Author of "My Childhood," etc. 1 vol. 16mo, 38 cents.

The Old Farm and the New Farm, a Political Allegory. By Francis Hopkinson. With an Introduction and Notes, by Benson J. Lossing. 1 vol. 16mo, 62 cents.

Dix, Edwards, & Co.

About New York, an Account of what a Boy saw on a Visit to the City. By Philip Wallys. 1 vol. square 12mo, 50 cents.

BOSTON.

Crosby, Nichols, & Co.

Tales and Legends, Translated from the German of Linden. 1 vol. 16mo, 75 cents.

Pearls and Other Tales, Translated from the German of A. Stein and Rosalie Roch. 1 vol. 16mo, 75 cents.

Pictures of the Olden Time, as shown in the Fortunes of a Family of Pilgrims. 1 vol. 12mo, $1 00.

Ticknor & Fields.

Words for the Hour. By the Author of "Passion Flowers." 1 vol. 12mo, 75 cents.

Longfellow's Poems. Pocket Edition. 2 vols. 32mo.

Phillips, Sampson, & Co.

Neighbor Jackwood. By Paul Creyton. 1 vol. 12mo, $1 25.

Biographical Essays. By H. T. Tuckerman. 1 vol. 8vo.

S. K. Whipple, & Co.

Discourses, Doctrinal and Practical. By Edward N. Kirk, D.D. 1 vol. large 12mo.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

CONGRESS sat during the holidays, but merely as a matter of form. No business of any importance was transacted.—Mr. Senator Weller moved, on Tuesday, a resolution calling on the President to communicate a statement of all payments and allowances which have been made, and of all claims disallowed General Scott, from the date he joined the army in Mexico to December 1, 1856, together with any correspondence on the subject.—On the same day, the Diplomatic and Consular Bill being under consideration, the appropriation for paying salaries to twenty-five consular pupils was stricken out, on motion of Mr. Haven.—On Friday, Senator Slidell moved a resolution requesting the President, if not incompatible with the public interest, to furnish the Senate with copies of all the correspondence between our government and that of the Netherlands relative to the refusal of the diplomatic agents of the latter to appear before the courts of justice of the United States, and give testimony in criminal cases of facts bearing thereon, of which they may be cognizant. This refers to Mr. Dubois, who declined to appear in the Herbert case, and who has since been transferred by his government to Copenhagen.—On Monday the Committee on Judiciary reported that they could not agree on the case of Mr. Harlan, senator from Iowa. The majority decided that he had not been duly elected. Senator Seward made a long speech in support of the bill for the settlement of the accounts of Revolutionary officers, their widows and orphans. In the course of the debate, it appeared that the President would only receive half of $5280 for his father's services.—In the House, Mr. Quitman tried vainly to report a bill increasing the pay of officers of the army. Mr. Walbridge moved to suspend the rules to consider the Pacific Railroad Bill. Refused.

MOVEMENTS OF SENATORS.

Senator Hamlin, of Maine, has resigned his seat, to take the Governorship of that State.—The Republicans hope that the Senate will reverse the decision of the Judiciary Committee, and confirm Senator Harlan, of Iowa, in his seat.—Mr. Cass moves to appoint a *pro tempore* President in the room of Senator Bright, who will be absent for some time.

BUSINESS ON HAND.

Among the business now before Congress, and awaiting action, may be mentioned: the bill for the reduction of duties on imports; the various regular appropriation bills reported by the Committee of Ways and Means; the Pacific Railroad schemes; the ocean mail services; the increase of the compensation of the officers of the army; the affairs of the territories; patent extensions; special contracts, and private claims.

TREATY WITH THE NETHERLANDS.

It is said that the new treaty with the Netherlands is so incorrectly worded that it can not be confirmed. One story states that the President desired to withdraw it from the Senate, to which body it had been hastily sent. Minister Belmont is the subject of much satirical remark.

OPENING OF THE STATE LEGISLATURE.

Governor King has been duly inaugurated, with the usual ceremonies, as Governor of the State of New York, in the room of Myron H. Clark. The latter gentleman commemorated his withdrawal from office by pardoning seven thieves, two burglars, three persons convicted of rape, and other malefactors.

The Governor's Message has been sent in. Much space is devoted to a reply to the President's Message on the Slavery question. The Governor asks the attention of the Legislature to the condition of the settlers of Kansas, and recommends appropriations of money to relieve them, so far as they may be found, on inquiry, to need it. He notices the increased evils of intemperance, and recommends the passage of measures to regulate and restrict the traffic in intoxicating liquors, as stringent as the Constitution will permit and public sentiment will sustain. The necessity of adopting some measures to secure the completion of the canals is urged. The Governor opposes selling them, but does not advise any particular plan. He leaves the Legislature to choose between reopening the Constitution for another loan, or imposing a direct tax. The aggregate debt of the State is now a little over $50,000,000. The condition of the various charitable institutions of the State is set forth at length. The propriety of allowing Judges greater latitude in sentencing criminals is forcibly urged.

The political complexion of the New York State Legislature is as follows:

SENATE—	Republicans	17
	Democrats	4
	Americans	11
HOUSE—	Republicans	83
	Democrats	37
	Americans	8

MEETING OF THE LEGISLATURE OF OHIO.

The Ohio Legislature met on the 5th. The Governor's Message is mainly devoted to State affairs; recommends the organization of a Board of Railroad Commissioners for the supervision and continuation of operations on the roads; the resumption of the Geological Survey; provision for the public debt; shows that the expenses of the fiscal year, ending November last, were less by over $380,000 than the year preceding; recommends the energetic prosecution of the public works; revision of the Militia laws, and the laws relating to married women; and urges increased judicial compensation. The Governor thinks Ohio should give expression to its wishes, and demand retrenchment and reform in the administration of the National Government. Within the last two months several appeals from Ohio emigrants to Kansas have been received, asking protection and aid. A letter had been addressed to Governor Geary in their behalf. Ohio was entitled to demand for her citizens emigrating to the Territories free ingress and egress by the ordinary routes, and complete protection from invasion, usurpation, and lawless violence. If the General Government refuses, the Governor does not doubt the right or duty of the State to interfere on good grounds. He hopes the worst is over, and thinks that Governor Geary manifests a disposition to protect the rights of Free-State settlers.

The new State House was opened on the 6th instant.

MEETING OF THE LEGISLATURE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

This Legislature met on the 6th. The Democrats and Republicans are holding their caucuses for officers.

MEETING OF THE LEGISLATURE OF MISSOURI.

This Legislature has been organized by the choice of Democratic (anti-Benton) officers. The Message of Governor Price represents the finances of the State as in a prosperous condition, and urges that in order to maintain that position there should be no reduction in the present rate of taxation. A large portion of the Message is devoted to the subject of Banks and Currency.

In reference to the Pacific Railroad, the Governor says:

"The opinions expressed in my last biennial message on the subject of a railroad, line of telegraph, and daily mail across the continent to California, have not only remained unchanged, but have been fortified by further observation and reflection. Events of the present year, also, ought to warn the Government of the United States against pursuing the mistaken policy of making our main lines of communication with the Pacific coast through the possessions of foreign powers. A company has been organized by citizens of this State, and has made the necessary preliminary arrangements, with a view to the establishment of an overland mail route from Missouri to California. A bill has also been introduced into one branch of Congress for an overland mail route from St. Louis to San Francisco, and for a line of telegraph in connection with it. I trust that it will speedily become a law, and be the first only in a series of judicious legislative acts by the Congress of the United States to draw more closely together the bonds of the Union, in establishing a frequent and rapid overland communication between its Atlantic and Pacific coasts."

MEETING OF THE LEGISLATURE OF ILLINOIS.

This Legislature met on the 5th, the Democrats in a large majority. While the late Clerk (Republican) was calling the roll, he was forcibly expelled. The Democrats then chose officers and organized.

MEETING OF THE LEGISLATURE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

This Legislature met on 7th inst. The Senate is said to consist of 26 Republicans and 14 Americans; the House to be equally divided. There is much talk about General Wilson's successor in the Senate. Dr. Phelps and Governor Gardner are classed as aspirants.

MEETING OF DISUNIONISTS AT WORCESTER.

A number of gentlemen of Worcester, Mass., believing the existing Union to be a failure, as being a hopeless attempt to unite under one government two antagonistic systems of society, which diverge more widely with every year; and believing it to be the duty of intelligent and conscientious men to meet these facts with wisdom and firmness; have respectfully invited their fellow-citizens of Massachusetts to meet in convention at Worcester, on Thursday, January 15th, to consider the practicability, probability, and expediency of a separation between the free and slave States.

The scheme is generally derided.

THE ELECTION IN CALIFORNIA.

The total vote of the State had been 107,377, distributed as follows:

Buchanan	51,925
Fillmore	35,113
Fremont	20,339

Since the news of Buchanan's election, politics have been quiet. The mines were doing well at last accounts, and prospects were bright. The next Senators will probably be Democrats.

MINNESOTA.

Judge Douglas is expected to report shortly a bill to the Senate authorizing Minnesota to form a state government, and another bill dividing her territory, by a north and south line, into nearly equal parts, and giving to the western half a territorial government, with the name of the territory of Dacotah. There is ample population and still more ample territory for this division, while it adds two free States to the political preponderance of the North.

NEGRO INSURRECTIONS.

The following account of the negro insurrections at Dover, appears in a Kentucky paper:

"Tuesday morning I went to Dover, and arrived there about two o'clock. The people had hung four negroes at 11 o'clock that morning, and two more were then in town to be hung. I got to the place of execution in time to see the last one go off. Of the six that were hung, three were preachers. They were all proved to be ringleaders. I learned that the men at the forge were at work whipping the truth out of their negroes, so I rode out there that night, and was up with them all night. I never had such feelings in my life. I saw a list of negroes that had been whipped, and was told what they all had stated, and then I heard the balance examined—some taking five and six hundred lashes before they would tell the tale; but when they did tell it, it was the same that all the others had told. Some told the whole story without taking a lick. Those that were examined were not permitted to see those that were not; they were kept entirely separate, and a guard over each. One of the negroes at the forge died from whipping that night, several hours after the operation.

"The substance of the testimony there was, that Christmas-eve night they were all to rise. Old Hal, Amos, Anderson, Grey, and Ishmael were to murder Parish, the manager, and his family, except his wife, and she in future was to be the wife of Ishmael. They were to kill young Pepper next (brother of Judge Pepper), and other whites that might be about the place. They were then to meet the Mill negroes at the forks of the road, at Pidgit's, near Long Creek, and were to make a joint charge upon Dover; after they had cleaned up Dover, and provided themselves with arms and ammunition, they were to scatter out over the country generally. At the mill, the negroes, or, rather, Bob Murrill, was to kill George Lewis first, then Henry Erwin, and then the balance indiscriminately. Lewis and Erwin whipped Bob Murrill to death.

"At the old Dover furnace, Charles Napier was to kill brother George first; Mat. Hutson was to kill young Tom Buckingham next; and Bill Blair was to kill Edwin, George's son, and Henry and Willie Wynus, and then go to the mill. Brother George hung Charlie Napier one day about 11 o'clock, and let him hang till next day about 1 o'clock—26 hours.

"I have no doubt but that it is a universal thing all over the Southern States, and that every negro, fifteen years old, either knows of it or is into it; and the most confidential house servants are the ones that are to be the most active in the destruction of their own families. The negroes, every where they are examined, all agree that the men, women, and children are to be slain, and that the young women are to be kept as wives for themselves, and a good many of them about Dover and the furnaces went so far as to select their future companions."

HORRIBLE MURDERS.

The examination of the negroes charged with the murder of the Joyce family, has taken place at Louisville, Ky. Bill (one of the murderers), made a confession that he and Samuels' George and Jack met, each provided with a club, and went to Joyce's house late on Thursday night; that Jack opened the house, and George said he wanted to get two licks at him (Joyce's brother); that George struck Joyce twice and Mrs. Joyce once with a club; that Jack struck Mrs. Welch with a club; that they then ransacked the house, and set it on fire under the bed, and scattered the fire in the bureau drawers. Mrs. Joyce and Mrs. Welch, who had been only stunned by the blows they had received, had crept out of the bed and were sitting before the fire-place, praying and moaning. The child, who was in bed with young Joyce, awoke when the fire commenced, and seeing it said, "Jack, oh! what a pretty night." The negroes then left, but after having proceeded a short distance, George said it would not do to leave the women alive, as they might tell on them, and they then returned, and Jack struck Mrs. Welch with a meat hatchet, and killed her, and then tossed Mrs. Joyce in the fire-place. The child was left in the bed and burned alive. The hatchet belonged to Jack's master, and it was found there with blood and a particle of brain on it. Jack made a confession that neither he nor his brother George had any participation in the matter, but from what he had heard from one of the Bills, they had committed the deed.

At the examination before the Justice, Mr. Joyce was called to the stand and answered a question. As he stepped from the stand he said, very loudly, "I want all who are my friends to come on and take these negroes and burn them." Almost instantaneously every man in the room was on his feet; from the passage between the benches on the east side the sounds of "Burn them" resounded, and some of those occupying the front tier of benches tried to jump over the railing to get hold of the negroes. Joyce attempted to rush toward the negroes, but was repulsed by Captain Rosseau. The hammer of the Court could not be heard, and the voices of the sheriff and his deputies were drowned. The excitement was intense for a minute or two, and every one present participated in it. It was soon made evident, however, that the law-abiding citizens were far in the preponderance, and the tumult was quelled.

The accused were committed for trial.

CONVICTION OF HUNTINGTON AND TUCKERMAN.

These two culprits have been disposed of. In the case of the latter, Mr. Choate has filed a bill of exceptions; but the former has been sentenced to four years and ten months' imprisonment, the utmost the law would allow. When he was informed that the deputy-sheriff was waiting to take him to Sing Sing, he heard the announcement with an air of indifference, and continued smoking his cigar. In a few minutes he came down and stepped into the warden's room, where he had a conversation with three or four of his friends. As he passed the grated door leading into the outer passage he shook hands with three or four of the keepers, with whom he had become acquainted, and having bid them a "good-by, boys!" as his farewell, he went into the street. He displayed great unconcern on leaving, and also on his arrival at the prison. On the day after he arrived an officer rapped at his door and signified that his presence was desired in the physician's apartment, where he was provided with the usual striped wardrobe. He was then conducted to the barber's shop, and he submitted to the loss of his beard. This occupied till 11 o'clock, A.M., and when the usual dinner-hour arrived, he was ready to join his *confrêres* in the dining-room.

It will be remembered that the Clerk of the Court asked Huntington, after Justice Capron had pronounced his sentence, the usual question if he had any mechanical trade, and was answered in the negative. It seems that he was formerly engaged, for three years, in the furniture business, somewhere in Hudson Street, and on the strength of this he has been assigned to the cabinet shop at the prison, under the contract of Mr. C. H. Woodruff. He is engaged in the simple operation of sawing and planing boards. His constitution is said to be much run down, and his countenance looks care-worn and haggard.

INAUGURATION OF THE NEW CITY GOVERNMENT OF NEW YORK.

Mayor Wood has sent in his Message, in which he inveighs with warmth against the scheme to disfranchise the city, said to be in contemplation by some of the wire pullers at Albany. Mayor Wood recommends a new Charter, assimilating the city government to that of the Confederacy, all heads of departments being appointed by the mayor, and subject to removal by him. He is very severe upon some of his brother municipal officers. The new city government organized without incident.

BROOKLYN AFFAIRS.

The citizens of Brooklyn have presented ex-Mayor Hall with a house and lot as a testimonial of their gratitude for his exertions during the yellow fever epidemic. They have also given a service of plate to Mr. John Cammeyer.

The new city government organized as usual.

MURDER BY A SPIRITUALIST.

The man who walked out of Brooklyn the other day in order "to kill somebody," as he said, and who killed Cornelius Cannon, has confessed that he was a Spiritualist. The spirits manifested themselves to him in the Station-House. They were pleased to see that he had been arrested. They wanted to get him out of the way. Six spirits came to him; one was Mrs. Dennison and the other Mrs. Robinson; saw them in the street some time ago; knew that it was Mrs. Dennison, as she had written a piece about a little girl, which appeared in *The Sun* newspaper. The piece, he thought, was headed "A Dying Girl." He thought of it because he had been transformed into Mrs. Dennison, and he remained as Mrs. Dennison for three months. He worked at his trade all the time he was her. She manifested the fact to him that it was so. Subsequently he was transformed into Mrs. Robinson—the change having been brought about by witchery—and that it was their object as well as their interest, to kill him; for in that event they would be more honored in the spirit world. One reason why he wanted money was that the spirit of the first-named imaginary lady spoke to him about his poverty and degradation. She did not wish him to become rich, but would be pleased to see him go to destruction.

The prisoner went on in this strain for more than half an hour, making the most absurd statements, and at the same time preserving the most imperturbable gravity of countenance.

A JUDGE'S WIFE BURNT TO DEATH.

The wife of Judge Daniels, of the Supreme Court, lately came to her death under most distressing circumstances. Mrs. Daniels had retired to her sleeping-room, and commenced undressing, preparatory to her retiring for the night, when, being very near-sighted, she did not perceive a candle that was standing on the hearth, or the flames which communicated to her clothes, until they completely enveloped her. She then ran from the room, shrieking for assistance. Her motion, of course, only added to the strength of the flames, and before any effectual assistance could be rendered, she was so shockingly burnt that she died after eight hours' suffering. She was an estimable lady, about thirty-five years of age, a daughter of the late Dr. Harris, of Philadelphia, Chief of the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery in the Navy, and leaves two children, the youngest about six months old. The Supreme Court adjourned, out of respect to Judge Daniels.

CORPSES BY EXPRESS.

It is quite usual, nowadays, to send corpses by express. When a father or son dies away from home, his body is delivered to one of the express companies, which undertakes, for a moderate charge, to convey him to his last home. The business is very unpopular with expressmen, especially if the body has far to travel.

One morning last week, a messenger having among his freight, in the express company's car, one of those ominously oblong boxes, declared confidentially to the conductor of the train, that the body inside "must be very far gone indeed," and "the smell of it upset him." In vain he tried to forget it, or salubrify the odor by smoking a magnificent cigar. The smell became more offensive to him every minute during the long night that he was whizzing away with it over the rail track; and before the train arrived in New York, it affected him so much that he could not stay in the car.

When the drivers, with the wagons of the New York office, went to the depot for the express freight, the illness of the unfortunate messenger was obvious, and in answer to inquiries he explained the cause. All eyes fell on the oblong box, and every man held his nose. It was decided unanimously that it was too far gone to be taken to the office, and as the railroad men swore (through their compressed olfactories) that they would not suffer it to remain in the depot, the strongest-nerved and most accommodating driver present took it to the "dead-house" up town.

No one knew who the obnoxious box came from. It was usual to make a special bargain in such cases, but no allusion was made to it on the way-bill. In the course of the day, however, the mystery was solved. A gentleman came into the express office, in Broadway, and called for the box.

"It has been taken to the dead-house," was the reply of the clerk.

"The dead-house!" exclaimed the applicant.

"Yes, Sir," rejoined the clerk firmly; "we couldn't stand it, Sir. Too far gone, Sir."

"Too far gone!" was the angry retort. "I should think so, if you have sent it up to —th street. Explain yourself? What do you mean?"

"I mean that the body smelt too bad, Sir!" iterated the clerk.

"Smelt bad!" cried the visitor, "I have handled it for ten years past, and I never yet smelt any thing but the varnish, and that not unpleasantly. Hang it, Sir, that box contains my manikin, an artificial anatomy or model of the human body. I am Dr. Wieting, the lecturer upon physiology."

DEATH OF THE ANGEL GABRIEL.

Mr. John Orr, commonly called the "Angel Gabriel," who was well-known as a street preacher in this city and elsewhere, died of dysentery at Demarara. He was a religious monomaniac. He imagined himself the "Angel Gabriel," whose mission it was to pronounce anathemas against sinners—particularly Roman Catholic sinners—and in order to do this service in the most orthodox fashion, he went about provided with a small horn, the sounding of which gave the signal for the assembling of his congregation. In company with several others of the same stamp, he was for months, during the spring and fall of 1854, in the habit of gathering great audiences in the Battery, the Park, and along the wharves of this city. His performances were often interrupted, and on some occasions the preacher himself was assailed.

Driven from this city, he went to England, and thence to Demarara, where, by his fierce denunciations of Catholicity, abuse of the Portuguese, and artful appeals to the passions of the blacks, succeeded in stirring up an insurrection among the negroes, which soon assumed so serious an aspect as to demand the active interference of the Government. In February of last year, troops and vessels of war were dispatched to the scene of disturbance, and the revolt was suppressed, but not until the blacks had destroyed large amounts of property belonging to the Portuguese, besides several Catholic churches, and were on the point of proceeding to the commission of further acts of violence. Orr was arrested, tried, and sentenced to imprisonment at hard labor. He was undergoing his sentence when he died.

THE TRANSATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

The two makers of the Transatlantic Telegraph wire—Mr. Newall of Gateshead, England, and Messrs. Kuper and Co., of London—agree to complete it during the summer. It may assist the reader to a fair conception of the immensity of the task, to state that Mr. Newall will have to twist strands of wire as an outer protection of the electric line itself 25,000 miles in length, or long enough to go around the whole earth, and leave sufficient room for Archimedes to swing it round his head with, if he had but that standing point which he coveted for his experiments.

Lieutenant Maury has written a letter, on the subject of the Telegraph, in which he says that "in the present state of the telegraphic art, the difficulties in the way of a straight wire from England to our own shores may be considered insuperable."

It can not but be regarded by every wise and good man as a fortunate circumstance that this great enterprise of the sub-Atlantic Telegraph is the joint work of England and America. This circumstance ought of itself to serve as a guarantee to the world that in case of war—should war unhappily ever be waged between these two nations—that cord is never to be broken, or to be used otherwise than freely and fairly alike by the two nations, their citizens and subjects.

We have just seen the great nations of Europe emerging from the horrors of a fierce and bloody war, and yet, to their honor and the glory of the age be it said, that that strife, vengeful though it was, was not savage enough to break a single line of telegraphic wire. The lightning ran to and fro with messages between St. Petersburg and the capitals of France and England, as it now does. And in case of war with this country, after that electric cord is stretched by the joint means and enterprise of the two people upon the quiet bottom of the deep sea, neither of the two governments would dare take that cord, and, in the face of the Christian states and peoples of the age, convert it into a military engine, to be turned against its joint owners and partners.

AVERAGE ALLOWANCE OF WIVES TO LEGISLATORS IN UTAH.

A correspondent of the San Francisco *Herald* gives the following list of the members of the Legislature of Utah with the number of their wives:

Members of Council.	*No. of Wives.*
Heber C. Kimball, President of the Council	57
Daniel H. Wells, Councilman (cross-eyed)	19
Albert Carrington (cripple and near-sighted)	12
Orson Pratt (cripple and near-sighted)	7
Wilford Woodruff (cripple and near-sighted)	12
John Stoker (cripple and near-sighted)	8
Lorin Farr (cripple and near-sighted)	3
Lorenzo Snow (cripple and near-sighted)	25
Leonard E. Harrington (cripple and near-sighted)	3
Isaac Morley (seventy-two years old)	5
John A. Ray (from Texas)	2
George A. Smith (cripple and near-sighted)	5
Grand total—men 13; women	171
Members of House of Representatives.	
J. M. Grant, Speaker, has	6
W. W. Phelps (printer of Morgan's book)	8
A. P. Rockwood (an old man)	8
Edwin D. Wolley (a small man)	5
J. W. Cummings (cripple)	10
Hosea Stout (lawyer from Kentucky—three dead)	1
S. W. Richards (young and handsome lawyer)	15
Jesse C. Little (lawyer of Boston, Mass.)	3
William Snow (Vermont laborer)	8
P. H. Young (older brother of Brigham—tailor)	5
C. V. Spencer (of Massachusetts—quite small) has but	2
Ezra S. Benson (old and homely)	15
James C. Snow (quite poor)	3
Aaron Johnson (has three sisters, and altogether)	6
Lorenzo H. Hatch (wagon maker)	2
Jacob G. Bigler (farmer)	10
George Peacock (farmer)	10
John Eldridge (phrenologist—two dead)	1
Isaac C. Haight (coal digger)	12
Jesse N. Smith (lawyer)	2
John D. Parker (old and deaf)	3
Jesse Hobson (ox teamster)	10
J. C. Wright (hotel keeper)	5
James Brown (dairyman)	7
Enoch Reese (farmer, &c.)	2
W. A. Hickman (one of the Danites)	3
Total—members 26, and wives	157
Officers of the House.	
Thomas Bullock (Clerk and an Englishman)	4
J. Grimshaw (Assistant Clerk and an Englishman)	5
Chandler Holbrook (Foreman and deaf)	4
Jacob F. Hutchinson (Messenger)	2
Joel H. Johnson (Chaplain)	7
Total	22

Brigham Young having 68 wives, these 40 men have 420 women among them.

A RENEGADE MORMON.

Mr. J. Hyde, Jr., late of Utah, has been lecturing at Honolulu on Mormonism. The lecturer has, till recently, been an officer in the Mormon Church, but has renounced the faith altogether, having been fully convinced of its absurdity. At the close of the lecture, a member of the Mormon community had the impudence to get up before the assembly and charge the lecturer with horse-stealing, which, whether the charge was true or not, was deemed altogether out of place.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

RECEPTION OF THE RESOLUTE.

The arrival of this vessel, under Captain Hartstein, has been the event of the last ten days. There has been no end to the civilities paid to the American officers. Mr. Cornelius Grinnell, son of Henry Grinnell, Esq., writes the following account of these gratifying events to his father:

"Immediately on arrival of the *Resolute* at Spithead, even before they had time to get out a side-ladder, Captain Peel (a son of the late Sir Robert) came alongside in 'thunder, lightning, and hail,' to welcome the officers and to offer his services. Following him came the Admiralty yacht, also with offer of assistance. Captain Hartstein then landed, and proceeded immediately to London, with his Secretary, Dr. Otis, where he arrived at five o'clock. He then called upon the United States Minister, and the next morning, Sunday, he breakfasted with me.

"I afterward had the pleasure of introducing them to Lady Franklin, where we met Captain Osborne and Mr. Barrow, and during our visit we were joined by Sir Roderick Murchison, who received Captain Hartstein with much kindness, and requested him to name a day when it would be convenient to him and his officers to meet the Royal Geographical Society at a public dinner. We remained about four hours with Lady Franklin. The interview was most interesting, and I know was productive of much mutual respect. Captain Osborne returned to Lady Franklin's in the evening, to say how much he was pleased with Hartstein, and remarked to her that 'he is the right man.' In the evening (Sunday) he dined with Mr. Dallas, and during dinner a telegraph came to announce that the Queen intended to visit the ship and officers on Tuesday. She was accordingly, at the request of the Admiral, Sir George Seymour, towed over to Cowes by a Government steamer, and every preparation made to receive her Majesty at the hour fixed by her, ten o'clock Tuesday morning.

"At ten minutes before ten o'clock two of the royal grooms rode down (as the ship was hauled alongside the Government dock) to announce that her Majesty would be at the ship at the hour appointed, and at ten precisely she appeared, accompanied by Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal, Princess Alice, the Duchess of Athol, and the Hon. Miss Cathcart, General Bouverie, Colonel Howth, C. B. Phipps, Captain the Hon. C. de Ros, and Sir James Clarke. The sailors were placed standing on the rail of the ship nearest the shore, and as the Queen approached, she was received with three hearty cheers, all present being uncovered.

"Captain Hartstein and officers met her at the gangway, and addressed her as follows: 'Will your Majesty allow me to welcome you on board the *Resolute*, and in accordance with the wishes of my countrymen, and in obedience to my instructions from the President of the United States, to return her to your Majesty, not only as an expression of friendly feeling to your sovereignty, but as a token of love, admiration, and respect for your Majesty's person.' The officers, the consuls, and myself were then presented to the Queen, when she was conducted with the royal retinue over the ship by Hartstein. She manifested much interest in what she saw, and conversed with much affability with the commander on Arctic matters, the officers awaiting upon the noble ladies in attendance. Having examined the main deck fore and aft, she then ascended and took leave of those present, and on landing, received three rounds of cheers. The Queen remained on board about an hour.

"The night before the visit, the Captain received an order to dine with the Queen at eight o'clock, and to pass the night at Osborne. He also received a note inclosing £100 from the Queen as a present to the crew, and the officers were invited to visit the palace and gardens.

"Immediately following the Royal visit, a splendid lunch was served in the ward room to a number of naval, military, and official gentlemen; toasts and speeches were made; and among others I was obliged to reply to compliments paid to you. Hardly an hour has passed but that the officers have received invitations to dinners, etc., from public and private individuals, scientific and literary societies, clubs, etc. It seems as if all were vieing with each other who can do the most.

"Captain Hartstein, officers and crew, will leave England, in all probability, a week from Saturday next, the 20th—say the 28th instant. He is very anxious for me to remain, as poor Lady Franklin has set her heart upon having us all dine with her on Christmas, and has invited a crowd of notabilities to meet us at Brighton—as every one leaves town during the holidays. I must say I am exceedingly gratified that I was induced to remain—and what will give me more pleasure than any thing else, will be to tell you all that I have heard and seen on this most interesting occasion; and that you may learn through me, of the kind and heartfelt expressions with which your name is always mentioned.

"Your affectionate Son, C. GRINNELL."

Three thousand persons visited the ship after the Queen left, and were received with the greatest courtesy by the officers. Nothing could be more pleasing to the feelings of every right-minded person than the expressions of good-will which this little incident has called forth. Captain Hartstein is to return to the United States in Her Majesty's ship *Retribution*. It is suggested that the name of the *Resolute* should be altered to *Anglo-American*.

FRANCE.

THE PARIS CONFERENCES.

It was still supposed, at our last advices, that the Conferences would assemble before New-Year. Baron Brunow was to represent Prussia, and Baron Hubner, Austria. Count Buol is said to have received a dispatch, informing him that the Cabinet of the Tuileries, after mature reflection, can not accept the interpretation of the Bolgrad question, and that of the Isle of Serpents, in the absolute terms propounded by England, Austria, and Turkey.

On the other hand, Count Cavour has written a note to Count Stackelberg, the Russian Minister at Turin, in which he declares himself in favor of the British and Austrian interpretation of the treaty of peace as regards Bolgrad: adding, however, that the Sardinian representative will examine with impartiality and independence all the arguments which may be adduced at the Conference.

PLUCK OF THE EMPEROR.

Notwithstanding the threats against his life, Napoleon never fails to show himself every day to the people, sometimes on foot or on horseback almost alone.

One of his last feats was to ride on horseback, at a walk, attended by only two individuals, gentlemen of his household, through the *Rue Mouffetard* and the quarter of the *chiffoniers*. The people seemed not more surprised than delighted at this visit, since for a century no monarch of France has ever ventured into that repulsive and dangerous part of the city. The Faubourg St. Marcel is equally as hostile to the Government as the Faubourg St. Antoine, and the Rue Mouffetard is the centre of the Faubourg. The boldness of Louis Napoleon in walking his horse through this populous quarter, without escort, and speaking kindly to those who approached him, can hardly fail to operate favorably on the minds of such people as are found in that locality.

He made a point of attending the balls lately given for the benefit of the poor. These balls were given at the Grand Opera, and were each attended by five or six thousand persons. In these balls the two classes of Paris society were brought into contact: the Court and the aristocratic officials occupying the boxes of the theatre, and the people, the lower *bourgeoisie*, the floor. The great body of the dancers were of that class who do not often dance in such company, for the price of admission was only two dollars, and free to all. For three long and to them fatiguing hours, their Majesties the Princess Mathilde and the Prince Napoleon sat in their boxes, to be quietly gazed at by this immense multitude of curious spectators, who constantly promenaded before the imperial boxes for that purpose. It was an immense sacrifice, judging from their Majesties' uneasiness under the ordeal, made in favor of the poor. The receipts of the last ball were 60,000 francs, 25,000 of which were consumed in music, flowers, light, and other expenses.

The Emperor is said to be on the best terms with the members of his Cabinet, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding. To facilitate business, he calls very often partial reunions of the Cabinet, leaving such members as are not directly interested in the question under consideration the liberty to pursue their own labors. In these meetings the Emperor listens attentively, but talks little. He orders the documents read slowly, and sometimes retains copies, which he examines afterward, and communicates, with his observations, at another meeting.

THE BABY.

The Imperial Baby is kept constantly in view of the people. At reviews the interesting creature is shown to the troops in the arms of a nurse, and it is considered proper to cheer it, which frequently makes it cry. One day it appears in a close carriage, with a fat coachman in flowing wig and ample garniture of green, plush, and gold, with three jolly footmen "all of a row," clustered like a swarm of bees, behind stride valiant men-at-arms and trumpeters—to-morrow it is in an open caleche, rivaling the parental vehicle in splendor, drawn by four gallant steeds, with postillions in jockey-cap and leathers; and the pace is so slow that all the world may cling to the sides of the carriage.

THE EMPEROR'S FARM.

Napoleon diverts his leisure by farming. He has a model farm at Fouilleuse, which has just been stocked with large cattle, among others, thirty magnificent cows. Such as it now stands, this farm has cost a million; it is scarcely more than 100 hectares (250 acres) in extent, including the meadows, in which the Polygon of Mont Valerian is situated. Numerous visitors have already gone to see the farm.

FRENCH MARRIAGES.

It appears that in 1855 the number of births in Paris was 34,987, of which 17,868 were boys, and 17,119 girls. Out of that number 10,917 were natural children, of whom 1875 were recognized, and 9042 not recognized. The number of marriages was 11,805; 9636 between bachelors and spinsters; 570 between bachelors and widows; 1181 between widowers and spinsters; and 418 between widowers and widows. The deaths amounted to 36,016; 18,282 males, and 17,734 females. The deaths, therefore, exceeded the births by 1,029.

A curious case has arisen in reference to the validity of marriages in church. The reader is, doubtless, aware that by the French law the right of marrying belongs exclusively to the civil authorities. The facts are as follows: Two years ago, Colonel —— left with his regiment for the Crimea. As he had been betrothed several months to Mlle. ——, who was very ill, he demanded that before leaving Paris a religious marriage should be celebrated between them. The young lady and her family having consented, they were united according to the forms of the Catholic Church. Five months later, the Colonel, who was then at Constantinople, learned that Mlle. —— had completely recovered from her malady, and was about to join him. She arrived, and it was determined between them that the celebration of a civil marriage, which, according to the French law was required, should be postponed until after the return of the Colonel to France. The lady afterward left Turkey and returned to her family. Peace concluded, the Colonel, whose regiment was one of the first to leave the East, returned to France, but, instead of hastening to his bride, he remained far from Paris, where she resided, without giving any explanation of such conduct. Negotiations took place between the lady's family and the gentleman, but without leading to any satisfactory result, as he persisted in remaining away from her. Under these circumstances the young lady has brought an action before the Civil Tribunal to compel him to make her lawfully his wife by celebrating a civil marriage, or to pay her 100,000f. damages. It is believed that the affair will be pleaded before the end of the month. M. Berryer is to defend the gentleman, and M. Nogent Saint Laurent is the advocate of the lady. It is said that the latter and her family, before commencing the action, obtained the formal sanction of the Archbishop of Paris. The question raised is of considerable importance as to the validity of religious marriages.

REPUBLICAN STRAWS.

The men of letters in France adhere to the Republican party. No Bonapartist can obtain admission to the Academy. The barristers of Paris invariably appoint adversaries of the existing Government, most generally declared Radicals, for their chiefs or *batonniers*. The students of the public schools hiss the Professors who sympathize with the Emperor, and are imprisoned for crying "Long live Liberty! Long live Beranger!" at the funeral of the illustrious Democrat and artist, David d'Angers.

Bonapartist writers are so scarce that the Minister of Public Instruction, M. Rouland, alluding to some Professors who refused to insert essays in the *Revue Contemporaine*, says, in his official paper, "that he persists in the belief that it is just and loyal that those who accept a situation of the State, free, indeed, to write whenever they judge fit, must not *blush* to support literary reviews founded by the most eminent men of the present Government."

MADEMOISELLE PICCOLOMINI.

All Paris has gone mad about this fascinating singer, who seems destined to eclipse the fame of Grisi and Lind. She has appeared in *La Traviata*, at the Italian opera, and created quite a *furore*, which may be in some measure due to the horror one feels at seeing so pure and sweet a young creature in so odious a part. Her story is romantic.

Mademoiselle Maria Piccolomini is the niece of a cardinal. She was born at Sienna, where she inherited from her mother the sweet Tuscan idiom, at once so charming and so musical. Her parents, simple and modest people, lived ordinarily in the country, where their little Marie could run at her ease on the lawns, [illegible] the flowers, play, jump, and sing, which were always her favorite amusements. Always singing as she ran, and with a voice that arrested the attention of all who heard it, her parents at last gave her a music teacher. Without being an infant prodigy, the little Marie soon charmed and astonished those who heard her, but less by the correctness of her gamut, to which she paid little attention, than by her accent and the sentiment which she threw into her singing. "You ought to send her to the theatre," exclaimed the friends of the family, when the child gravely bowed to the audience after her song. "God preserve us from that," responded the parents; "we would rather see her mute." But the child none the less dreamed of the stage, of its triumphs, of its showers of bouquets falling at her feet.

When Mademoiselle Piccolomini had attained her fifteenth year she found an opportunity of displaying her powers in public. A concert for the poor was to be given in Sienna, and, after many prayers and many refusals, her parents consented that she might sing. She was applauded *à l'outrance*, recalled, and almost carried in triumph. From this moment the pressure was so great on her parents that they had no repose till they consented to her appearance in opera. They determined to accompany her, to guard her against the dangers which surround a young girl in such a career, and to aid her by their protection.

Her *début*, in *Lucrezia*, was completely successful, since when she has gradually risen in public favor. Her personal appearance is attractive. Though fully twenty-one, she does not appear over sixteen. She is a little below the medium height; but she is so well formed and so well proportioned, she has so much grace and ease in her movements and gestures that, without exaggeration, a line more or less would spoil her attractive and harmonious *ensemble*. She has dark-brown hair, thick, supple, brilliant, and well planted; the forehead prominent and uncovered; the eyebrows well designed, neither too heavy nor too sparse; eyes of great beauty, with black pupils, vailed occasionally by a shade of melancholy of an extreme mildness, and occasionally darting glances of fire; the nose straight; mouth *mignonne*; the whole face irreproachably oval; the physiognomy mobile, open, expressive; an ingenuous air, but of that terrible ingenuousness of the child which dares to say any thing, because it knows no harm and has nothing to conceal. She receives the same salary as Mario—$3000 a month.

PRUSSIA.

THE NEUFCHATEL QUESTION.

Prussia is said to have demanded the intercession of the Great Powers in the Neufchatel affair, in order to obviate a recourse to violence. A conference on the subject is mooted. From an article in the *Moniteur*, it is assumed that France will take the side of Prussia against the Swiss. The official journal says: "The Federal Government" (Swiss) "has preferred to yield to democratical influences which are agitated around it, rather than to comply with well-meant counsels, inspired solely by the desire of effecting an amicable settlement of a question which, pending too long already, might, if more complicated, disturb the peace of Europe.

"Switzerland must not, therefore, be astonished if, in the course of events, she should no longer find that good-will which she might so easily have obtained at the cost of a very slight sacrifice."

The London *Times*, on the other hand, urges Prussia to yield.—Considerable military preparations are being made in Prussia.

COURT NEWS.

It is affirmed at Berlin that the Prince Frederic William of Prussia (who, by-the-way, is named with his father as a leader of the troops against the Swiss, if the Neufchatel question ends in war) is to be married to the Princess Royal of England on 21st November next, on which day the lady will be seventeen years old. The Prince of Prussia has invited the Emperor Napoleon to visit Berlin in the spring. Napoleon is understood to have accepted.

ITALY.

TROUBLES OF THE POPE.

The Pope is in a bad way. Within three months more than a third of his Swiss troops have gone home, refusing to renew their engagements. He finds it difficult to supply their places. On the other hand, financial difficulties are pressing. The *Giornale di Roma* of the 10th ult., states that the budget for 1857, presented by the Papal Minister of Finance to the Consulta, fixes the receipts at 12,816,441 scudi, and the expenditure at 13,283,950 scudi (the scudo is $1), showing a deficit of 467,508 scudi, which, added to the reserve fund, makes a total deficiency of 567,508 scudi.

Queen Christina of Spain has lately had a lengthy audience of His Holiness. The new Spanish minister to Rome, Señor Mon, is expected to settle the pending difficulties between the Papal and Spanish courts.

EXECUTION AT NAPLES.

The soldier who tried to assassinate the King of Naples, has paid the penalty of his crime. Early on the morning of the 13th ult. he was escorted from his barracks to the prisons of Castel-Capuana, whence he was accompanied by a detachment of his regiment, and the congregation of the Bianda to the Church of the "Rifugio." Hence he was taken to the Porta Capuana, where the troops were waiting, and the gallows was prepared. On the prisoner arriving in front of his battalion, whose uniform he wore, he was stripped of his military dress, and clothed with that accorded to him by his sentence—a black frock, with a paper before him bearing the inscription, "*L' uomo impio.*" He then was placed upon a cart, taken round the troops, and then brought to the scaffold, talking and maintaining a character always firm, and that of a Christian, while he directed his attention to the Crucifix. The last words which he uttered were "*Viva la patria, e la liberta!*" From the Vicaria to the Church of the Refuge he walked without any covering on his eyes. In the church he made the responses to the prayers of the "Padri Assistenti" with a firm voice. There he was blindfolded, though he earnestly begged permission to walk to the scaffold without any covering, saying he wished to look upon the people; but this was not granted. He marched with a firm step, and quicker than the Padri desired to do. For a moment he stopped, and again requested to have the bandage removed, that he might see the air, but in vain. To those who assisted him he said, "Padri, it is glorious to die for our country, and for liberty." The same expressions he uttered on mounting the scaffold, which he did with much courage. To the last prayers he responded with a sonorous voice, and all the people joined with him, with general lamentation. Even the soldiers of his battalion were much moved, and several officers were seen to weep. The executioner ill-treated the criminal while attaching the rope, so that one of the fathers gave him two strong blows. The execution was long and painful, either through the inexperience of the executioner, or in consequence of irritation created by the blows inflicted by the Padri. During the last night he desired the Padri to read to him a book on the life and death of a good Christian.

PERSIA.

THE FALL OF HERAT.

All our accounts of this event come from Persian sources, yet it is universally credited. There was to have been a six days' rejoicing at Teheran, but the death of one of the numerous sons of the Shah caused the postponement of the festivities. A letter on the siege—probably from one of the French officers in the employ of the Shah—appears in the Paris *Presse*. After describing the antecedents of the siege in such a manner as to make it appear that the Shah was compelled to attack Herat in order to prevent its falling into the hands of Dost Mohammed, he relates the story of the surrender as follows:

"At the beginning of October the trenches were so far advanced that Colonel Buhler pledged himself in a dispatch to the Shah that the place would be taken within a given time, and so convinced was the ruler of Persia that the French officer would make good his promise, that he raised him to the rank of general. The exterior works were destroyed by mining, and several breaches were effected in the wall. Every thing was ready for the assault, and the Persians had made all their preparations for the final attack, when the besieged, reduced to the greatest extremities by famine, and wishing to prevent the terrible consequences of the forced capture of the town by an army irritated by a long resistance, dispatched Mir-Abdol-Azim to the Persians, to declare the town was willing to surrender. This overture being well received, Yssa Khan, who commanded the garrison, issued from the town, accompanied by all the chief personages belonging to it, civil and military, and proceeded to the Persian camp to make his submission to Murad-Mirza. The Prince received him with great kindness, and with an assurance of good treatment. Immediately after, the gates of the town were thrown open, and the Persian troops made their entrance in such perfect order as to do great honor to the discipline acquired in the Shah's army. It is worthy of remark, that not a single act of violence was committed. Murad-Mirza established himself in the citadel with four of his regiments. The gates were guarded by Persian sentries, and the most perfect order established in the town. All the country around Herat, for a distance of forty leagues, is militarily occupied by the Persians, and chiefs of the Affghan tribes are hurrying in from all sides to the commander-in-chief."

In November last, orders were sent from St. Petersburg to collect an army of at least 40,000 men on the Persian frontier. The commander-in-chief, Lieutenant-General Koslowski, will proceed as far as Baku, on the west coast of the Caspian, to observe events.

THE TELEGRAPH IN ASIA.

The Government of India authorizes the laying of a telegraphic cable in the Persian Gulf. It is to be connected with the one in the Mediterranean, and thus Asia will be brought into immediate communication with Europe and America. A year or two hence, we shall have every morning the news from Calcutta and Canton, several hours ahead of time.

CHINA.

President Pierce's letter to the Emperor of China, which was handed to the Viceroy of Fuh-chow-Fu, by Dr. Parker, in July last, has been returned unopened, his Celestial Majesty declaring that he did not wish to hold any intercourse with outside barbarians. A similar course was pursued some time since with an autograph letter from the Queen of England.

SOUTH AMERICA.

THE NEW MARITIME CODE.

The government of New Granada has given its adhesion to Mr. Marcy's doctrines respecting maritime warfare, and invited the other governments of South America to follow its example. Señor Lino de Pombo has addressed the French emperor on the subject, urging him to adopt Mr. Marcy's views.

The affair of the isthmus had produced a good deal of bad feeling against our countrymen at Bogota. The local press is very abusive.

MORE REBELLIONS IN PERU.

The unpopularity of President Castilla is on the increase. The planters are furious with him for having freed their slaves and obliged them to hire coolies, who do the work badly, and give great trouble.

Another cause of the unpopularity of Castilla in the provinces is the suspicion that he is favorable to religious toleration. In Lima, Callao, and in all the large towns and cities, there is an influential and growing party in favor of religious freedom. The Freemasons, particularly, all over the country, are at swords' points with the High Church party. The Arequipeños lately threatened to march upon Lima if a project to which they were opposed was not dropped. It was at this time that the priests hired old women to enter the Assembly and pelt the members with rotten eggs and oranges, and old stumps of cigars, and when the deputy, Matute, was only saved from being assassinated by four churchmen on the public Plaza by drawing his revolver upon them. The present revolution originated in Arequipa, and appeared to be in favor of General Vivanco, who was once a competitor for the presidency against Echenique.

On the 16th November, the *Apurimac*, a splendid new 48-gun steam-frigate, at Arica, "pronounced" for General Vivanco, "Regenerator of Peru." Salcedo, the commander, was put on shore, the command taken by a sub-lieutenant, and the frigate got up steam and started for Islay. At Islay the *Apurimac* met the British mail steamer *Santiago*, from which she demanded and obtained the Peruvian mails, on the pretext that the Revolutionists occupied all the principal places, and the government dispatches might fall into their hands if the *Santiago* attempted to land them. She then boarded the *Loa*, another new war vessel of 6 guns, confined Captain Cabeeses, took $60,000 from her, which had just been put on board by the *Santiago*, placed the command in the hands of Lieutenant Melgar, and then both vessels made for Ilo, in Arequipa, where they were at last dates. Of course this brilliant feat had raised the hopes of the Reactionists, and General San Roman, who, it is said, was about, with his small command, to submit to the government, is now straining every nerve to raise men to subvert it. Castilla had issued a proclamation pronouncing the runaway vessels pirates, and authorizing vessels of any nation to seize them. He also dispatched three small vessels—the *Izcuchaca*, *Tumbes*, and *Ucayala*—manned by a mixed crew of Peruvians, and English and American beach-combers, at four doubloons premium, to aid in their capture; but it was the general opinion that these vessels, which, all together, in metal, were inferior to the *Apurimac*, would get whipped, or, what is much more probable, would join the Revolutionists.

INDIAN INCURSIONS.

From Buenos Ayres we hear that the southern part of the province is still troubled by the incursions of fierce and warlike Indians. One of the most savage is a chief named Calcufiera, who, at the head of fifteen hundred warriors, threatens to advance into the province and plunder it. The Buenos Ayrean army opposed to him is two thousand strong, but they dare not attack the Indians, and, by carrying the war into their own country, put a stop to their encroachments, for the reason, surprising as it may appear, that the Buenos Ayrean soldier is *unaccustomed to the use of fire-arms*.

NICARAGUA.

From a source hostile to General Walker we learn that at the time the *Tennessee* sailed he had under his orders about 1000 men, most of them young.

Of the passengers who left San Francisco by the *Orizaba*, intending to return to New York by the *Tennessee*, about ten were induced to volunteer. The *Orizaba* also had on board 175 recruits, who were enlisted in California. They were promised $50 a month and huge tracts of land. Other reinforcements from New Orleans were met on the river San Juan, and supposed to be about 500 in number. Still another force, amounting to 167, from New York, was also met at Castillo Rapids. These various bodies amount in all to upward of 800.

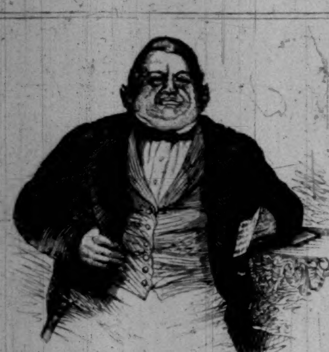
TRIALS OF A FILIBUSTER.

A gentleman, who lately tried his hand at filibustering, and found it not to answer, publishes the following pitiful story of his hardships at the head-quarters of Gen. Walker:

"When we got to Granada, we were marched up to Walker's quarter in that city. We were formed in a line and kept standing in the sun for an hour and a half or two hours, and then sent to our quarters in the old San Francisco Church, a place which was not fit for hogs to live in. It was not only damp, but the filthiest place certainly ever human creature lived in. We had no beds, and had to lie on the ground in the dirtiest litter. We had no blankets, having taken none with us, and not being provided with any there. Those that had money might buy hammocks; but very few had money, and the rest were compelled to shift the best way they could. We arrived at Granada on the forenoon, and got nothing to eat till the next day near noon, when we procured some raw beef, rice, and tortillas. And here it may not be impertinent to state, that when soldiers come to Granada, they are invariably drawn up in a line, left to stand several hours in a roasting sun, and then sent to their quarters to get along as they can: sometimes some old pans and kettles are sent to them. Walker never looks at them, or after their comfort, and never speaks to any one. But to my story:

"A few days after my arrival I was put on special duty, burning charcoal, and an agreement was made by those in authority to give me $1 50 a day extra pay in cash. We all understood that we were to get $25 a month, regularly. I went to work burning charcoal, and worked twelve days, at the end of which time I demanded my wages. Major Potter, who was to settle with me for the Government, put me off a few days, and then said that if I would not come down to half-a-dollar a day, I would have to take an order on the Quarter-Master, which is regarded as worthless, and is so in fact. I knew that, save by accepting the fifty cents a day, I would get nothing, and accordingly received six dollars. In a few days afterward, like almost every person in the country, I was taken sick with vomiting and cramp, which shortly afterward settled into a very violent fever. It then became necessary to carry me to the hospital. I was taken there, and remained for three months; and will now attempt to give an unexaggerated account of a Nicaragua hospital. I am willing to be sworn at any time that this statement contains nothing but what I saw with my own eyes, and experienced in my own person.

"When a man, sick with the fever, is carried to the hospital at Granada, he is put on a raw-hide bed, without a mattress or blankets, unless he should be so fortunate as to have these articles himself, which seldom happens. It is frequently the case that the sick man is put on a bed from which some wretch has just been carried off to be buried, who has died of yellow fever, cholera, or some other contagious disease, and whose bed has never been cleaned or changed. The sufferer can not drink water, because the doctors there say that it is 'poison to a fever,' and the only drink allowed is orange-leaf tea. Even this is often not to be had, on account of the negligence of the stewards and servants, and the sick man is left to burn and parch with heat and thirst. I have lain hours after hours and begged to get a table-spoonful of wine from the doctors, and could not get it. They had plenty, and many of them were drunk on it most of their time. I have frequently made my breakfast off a cup of tea, without any thing else, for the good reason that there was nothing else to be had. At dinner I would get a piece of boiled beef, with the water it was cooked in; but never any thing like vegetables or rice. At supper it was extremely lucky if I got a little mush and tea; though these, little as they were, I have frequently had to do without. There was sometimes a little money allowed to buy vegetables for the patients; but generally the drunken doctors, or quacks I should rather call them, with two or three exceptions, and other flunkeys got hold of it, and the patients never saw either it or the vegetables. Had it not been for some kind friends outside, whose names are preserved sacred in my memory, I should have died, time and again; for there is certainly no more miserable life than that led by a patient in a hospital in Nicaragua."



LOPEZ.

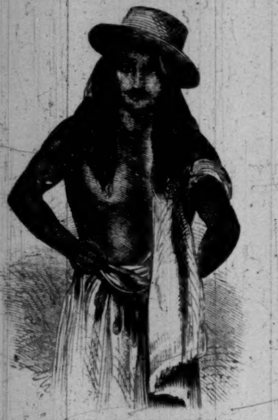
WANTED—A FEW FILIBUSTERS.

> "Paraguay is the most interesting, loveliest, pleasantest country in the world, I believe."—*Letter from* C. B. MANSFIELD *to the British Philological Society.*

CUBA must be let alone, for the present at all events. Mexico ditto. Central America is working out its own salvation in its own way; the machine is wound up, and needs no more handling just at present. Canada, I believe, talks of annexing Maine. Under these circumstances, I own to a lively dread lest the insatiable spirit of filibusterism which, as we all know, forms one of the most amiable virtues of our beloved fellow-countrymen, should evaporate for want of food. I confess, with proper confusion, that it seems to me a not unlikely contingency, in the present condition of American affairs, that we may come to be satisfied with the land we have, and that we may cease to expand long before such moderation shall be wholesome for the un-Americanized portions of America. The prospect fills me with grief and shame.

Understand me, Madam, I am not a thief. I never picked a pocket, or stole a horse, or robbed a dwelling-house. I have no doubt that in certain schools of ethics excuses may be found for these performances; but I am not aware of any. Nor do I see any moral difference between them and the nobler class of robberies which are practiced in daylight, under a piratical flag, upon a weak nation or a defenseless tribe. Both are acts of the same stamp: the man who would steal a province would filch a purse, if he were adequately tempted.

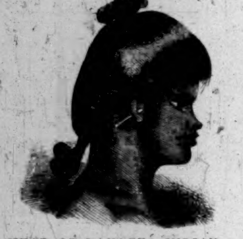
Spare me, then, the wrong of supposing that I would abet a band of marauders in despoiling, with force of arms, any of our neighbors of the territory they so shockingly misuse, or in "carrying so great boons as freedom" and enterprise—by lawless violence—into the beggared realms of Spanish-American despots. Do me not the injustice of classing me with the apologists of the spoliation of Oude.



INDIAN FROM THE CHACO.

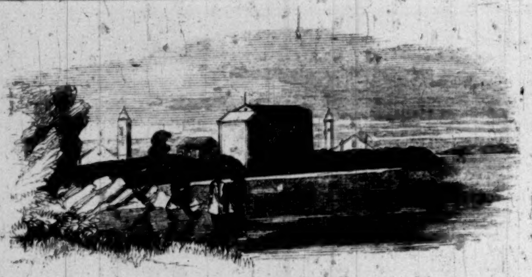
I am a *filibuster*, in the genuine old original sense of the term. You are, doubtless, aware that, like other good things, it is a word of English origin. Its father was the French *flibustier*, the bastard offspring of the fine old English *freebooter*. Now the freebooters were, as every body is aware, dogged, obstinate Saxons, who wouldn't respect that famous bull by which the Pope gave America to his cousin of Spain, and who recklessly and impudently insisted on sailing over the Atlantic and landing on the shores of the new continent. It is true that the Spaniards being resolutely bent on getting thrashed, the genuine old original English freebooters of the Amyas Lee stamp were occasionally seduced into humoring them thus far; and it is, I am bound to confess, equally true that, the pastime proving a healthy and a profitable one, the old freebooters indulged in it to an extent not contemplated by the first who sailed Westward, Ho! Hence, in many instances, what was at first a mere incident in the voyage became one of its chief aims, and the settlement of America was less considered than the beating of Spaniards; whereby it came about that the especial title of these bold mariners was diverted from its genuine meaning, and freebooter, flibustier, filibuster, came to signify robber on the high seas. Against this notorious corruption of the mother tongue I here enter a solemn protest. I call upon the shade of Noah Webster, and the Spirit of Philology to give to Cæsar the things that be Cæsar's, and to restore to the polyglot freebooter-flibustier-filibuster—its only true and original meaning—namely, a man who, fairly and honestly, in the light of day, desires to roam the world by sea and by land, breaking no quiet man's head, paying for what he wants, but setting his whole wits and strength to the work of spreading commerce, and industry, and civilization, and freedom throughout the habitable globe. Such are the filibusters I want.

Having said this much, I beg leave to state that there exists in the heart of South America a tract of country called Paraguay—about as large as New York and Pennsylvania combined, and incomparably more fertile than any portion of the United States. The population of this happy region consists of a stout man, his wife, also stout, and his daughters, stoutish, and about as many serfs as the city of Brooklyn contains souls. It has been positively asserted that at least six foreigners must be added to this census; but this is a matter of some doubt. The country produces every thing that can be grown in a tropical and semi-tropical climate—oranges, sugar, coffee, tea, silk, wine, oil, and corn; it is magnificently wooded, and so admirably watered that the logs can almost be tossed from their stumps into a river that will float them to the ocean; the same rivers afford an easy and excellent means of communication from one end of the country to the other, and, except in the hilly ridge which forms its northern and south-eastern boundaries, the land is so level throughout that rails for a tram or railroad could almost be laid without the use of a spade; finally, the climate, though hot, is not unhealthy, nor even so oppressive as to be felt as an objection by Anglo-Saxons. The serfs who, as I have said, number about as many heads as there are people in Brooklyn, are the only fine race of men that has sprung from the intermixture of the Spaniard and the Indian. They are tall, well made, active, bold of face and gait; many of them are fair; some have even red hair; the women are often pretty, with finely chiseled features, and Spanish eyes. These people live in a state of the most abject wretchedness, material and political. Forty-six years of grinding tyranny have broken their spirit. Poverty—induced in a great measure by political disasters—combined with the uncommon facility of subsisting in such a genial climate, has impeded the development of industry to such an extent that the country is no farther advanced than it was in the last century. They feed pigs with the finest peaches in the world, and ride their horses to death in mere recklessness. For forty years they have held no communication with the world without, and the very idea of trade has been banished from their minds. Despotic laws have laid such restraints on their movements in their own country that they have lost all desire to travel. They live from day to day, finding food ready to their hand, needing little or no clothing; knowing nothing of the products of civilization, and therefore not caring for them; without learning, without ambition, without love for freedom, without any thing that can elevate the race; yet retaining so much natural manliness and physical beauty that no one who has seen other Spanish-American races can help but admire them.



A HEAD OF PAYAGUÁ INDIAN.

Let us pass on. Over against Paraguay, across the river of the same name, lies the Gran Chaco—in extent 10° of latitude by 6° of longitude—a desert, as the gazetteers call it. It is a desert, in one sense, inasmuch as it is only peopled by Indians, Guaycurus, and others, who, because they objected to being slaughtered by the *Conquistadores*, were set down by the Spaniards as "untamable," and severely let alone, to live and die in ignorance and sloth; but it is not a desert in any other meaning of the term. As far as the eye can range from the Paraguay shores the vast plain is buried beneath the most luxuriant verdure. It is traversed by innumerable rivers, emptying themselves into the Paraguay, some of which are evidently navigable, while others might probably be made so. As no travelers are allowed to invade it, nothing can be said positively of the interior; but those who have taken the most pains to inquire from the Indians who cross to Corrientes and Asuncion, say that they uniformly represent it as being a rich and pleasant land. No recognized power, it may be added, has any claim or pretension to the dominion of the Chaco.



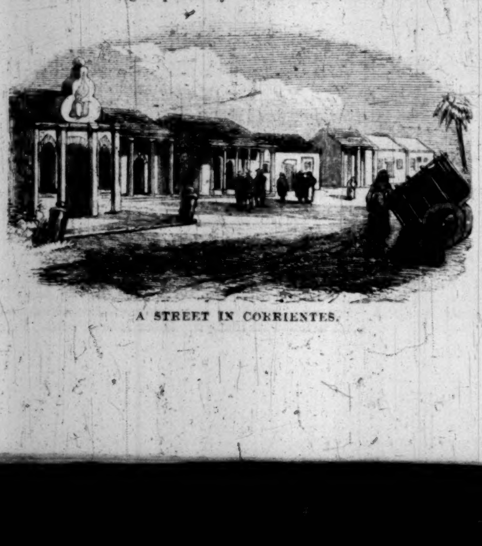
THE CABILDO, ASUNCION.

Crossing the Paraguay again, and the Parana likewise, we come to another so-called desert. This is Misiones. Lately, I believe, it has been handed over to Corrientes for safe keeping; but it has been claimed alternately, during the last century, by every State in the neighborhood, and the Corrientes title is not likely to be very sound. It is not a desert, but a ruin. It contains no inhabitants; the very rats have left it. A hundred years ago it held a population of over 100,000 souls, and the property owned by the Jesuits in the towns and settlements on the Parana, and between the Parana and the Uruguay, were valued at $26,000,000. This property consisted in Indian slaves, horned cattle, horses, sheep, asses, plate, crops, etc.; every vestige of which has been swept away.

To understand the condition of these three coterminous sections of South America, we must glance at their history.

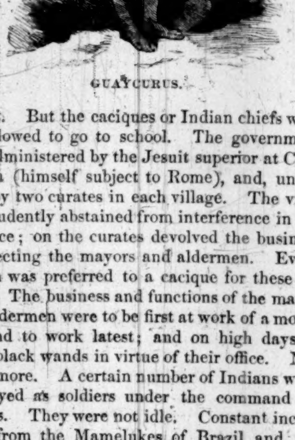
It so happens that Asuncion of Paraguay is the mother of all the Spanish settlements in these parts. Sebastian Cabot, returning from his discouraging voyage to Labrador, took service under Charles V. of Spain, sailed in command of an expedition with some impossible destination, felt his way up the La Plata and Parana, thrashed the Payaguays—then a fighting people—obtained a quantity of silver ornaments from them, and sent Barlow to Spain to tell the King this was the place to settle. Unhappily, accounts of Pizarro's discoveries in Peru arrived simultaneously, and the lesser wonder was forgotten in the joy created by the greater. For six years no notice was taken of the explorations on the eastern coast of the continent. At last, in 1534, Barlow and Cabot (who returned) telling wonderful tales about the precious ornaments worn by the Indians they had seen, and the marvelous beauty of the country, a party of noble Spaniards set out to see "Cabot's mighty Parana." They landed at the mouth of the estuary, and founded a settlement which they named Santa Maria de Buenos Ayres—then christened the river Rio de la Plata. Both curious misnomers; for the air at Buenos Ayres is bad, and there is no silver on the La Plata. Pushing on then up the Parana and Paraguay, the Spaniards fought with the Payaguays, beat them, and founded another settlement on the site of the battle. This they named Asuncion, in honor of the day on which the victory had been won; and Buenos Ayres having been deserted shortly afterward, Asuncion was, in 1538, the only Spanish settlement in this part of America. It was chartered by the King of Spain, on condition that no lawyers or attorneys were ever to be tolerated there; and the immigrants intermarrying with the fine race of Guarani Indians, the settlement soon became flourishing and populous, and was enabled to send forth an offshoot to re-found Buenos Ayres at the mouth of the River.

In the same year that the Asuncion settlement was chartered by the King of Spain, the Pope chartered or organized the Jesuits, under Loyola and his associates. Nine years afterward members of the company crossed to Brazil. A curious story is told of their early tactics. It seems that the first apostles told the Indians that the blessed Saint Thomas had sent them over, special, to convert them. The idea spread, and by dint of passing from mouth to mouth, went through the usual transformations; so that at last it was the apostle Thomas himself who was said to have undertaken the conversion of the Indians. This again was embellished; and by the time the Relations of the Jesuits were written out in elaborate form, the writers felt justified in stating that Saint Thomas had labored in South America, and that his footprints on the rock on which he landed were distinctly visible to this day. This story, they added, had been handed down by tradition from father to son among the South American Indians.



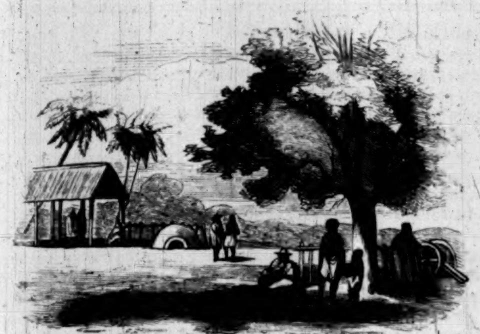
A STREET IN CORRIENTES.

The success of the Jesuits in South America is a matter of notoriety. It will suffice to say, that, by the middle of the 17th century, their authority was paramount in Paraguay, and that they were the lords and masters of the region they had chosen for their home, the rich tract lying between the Parana and Uruguay, now called Misiones and Entre Rios. At every Spanish settlement in South America they had *casas de residencia*, splendid edifices, built with a lavish disregard of expense, bomb-proof, and so well adapted to defense that they have frequently been used as forts in the late wars. In Misiones they had thirty villages, containing 100,000 inhabitants. Their system of government is without a parallel in history. There was a civil government consisting of the king as the head, and under him his local viceroy, and mayors and aldermen in the several villages; and there was an ecclesiastical government, namely, the bishop. But neither king, viceroy, mayors, aldermen, nor bishop could venture so much as to move a finger in the real direction of affairs. That was wholly retained by the Jesuits. They made, administered, executed the laws; gave out and superintended the work to be done by every soul in the province; provided the people with clothes, and food, and shelter; did not leave them the right of acting, or going, or speaking, or writing, or even thinking of their own accord. Misiones was a communist phalanx. All goods and products of labor and industry were in common, and the Jesuits were the guardians and trustees of the corporate property. Out of it they allowed each Indian family a mud hut, scanty clothing, and scanty food. The Indians were obliged to work under the direction of the padres four days in the week for the benefit of the community. The rest of their time was their own. But the policy of the Jesuits was averse to any useful occupation of this leisure time; if an Indian undertook extensive agricultural operations on his own account, the padres contrived to deprive him of laborers, and often sent him in person to a distance to labor; if, in spite of these obstacles, he contrived to raise a crop, they would not allow it to be exported; it remained where it was, without a possible market, every body having exactly the same produce to get rid of. In return, the Jesuits undertook the education, government, and defense of the people. Every village contained two schools, in which reading, writing, music, dancing, and singing were taught. But the caciques or Indian chiefs were not allowed to go to school. The government was administered by the Jesuit superior at Candelaria (himself subject to Rome), and, under him, by two curates in each village. The viceroy prudently abstained from interference in the province; on the curates devolved the business of selecting the mayors and aldermen. Every Indian was preferred to a cacique for these offices. The business and functions of the mayor and aldermen were to be first at work of a morning and to work latest; and on high days to carry black wands in virtue of their office. Nothing more. A certain number of Indians were employed as soldiers under the command of Jesuits. They were not idle. Constant incursions from the Mamelukes of Brazil and the Spanish bravoes of Santa Cruz kept them in incessant activity; and there is every reason to believe that neither skill nor bravery was wanting either to the leaders or to the rank and file.



GUAYCURUS.

Such was the patriarchal system under which the Misiones were reared. Considering the fertility of the country, no one can feel surprised that the Jesuits contrived to amass, in the course of a century, property valued at $26,000,000 (estimating the horses, which constituted the bulk of it, at $1 for males, and 50 cents for mares, the market price on the spot). Their wealth, however, was what they valued least. The undisputed and despotic sovereigns of a docile and intelligent people, rapidly increasing in numbers, the owners of the garden of South America, the chiefs of the best disciplined army on the continent, they saw in prospect—and well they might see—the Jesuits ruling a great South American empire which might counterbalance Europe, and help the company to the mastery of the world.



CHACRA, NEAR ASUNCION.

On the 22d June, 1767, they lay down to sleep as usual, without a care. Never had their material prospects seemed fairer; never had their Indians been more devoted. In the hearts of these simple people the Jesuits had inspired a sincere affection, which would have led them to sacrifice their lives for the padres at a moment's warning. At dead of night loud blows at the door of every casa, college, and estancia throughout the viceroyalty awoke the inmates. Shouts from outside called for the padre. When he appeared, soldiers confronted him, and bade him quick dress himself, take his money, breviary, and snuff-box, and mount. Within an hour after midnight every Jesuit in the province was riding between two troopers toward Buenos Ayres. So well had the operation been organized, that the seizure was simultaneous on every point, though some of the Jesuits were two thousand miles from others. They were taken to Buenos Ayres, and thence shipped to Spain, in fulfillment of the decree of exile pronounced against them by his Majesty Carlos III. and the Count of Aranda. Their last words, in relinquishing their enormous empire and their much-loved home, were a prayer to the Indians to forbear from attempting to avenge them.

In this, as in every thing else, they were obeyed. At first disposed to fight for their padres, the docile Indians soon resigned themselves to their loss, and the sun of Misiones set. The 100,000 Indians disappeared. Some mixed with other tribes, others died out; the race vanished. So did the property, of which the State took charge. In four years three-fourths of the cattle were missing; in twenty-five the whole was gone.

The next change was in 1811. In that year Paraguay, stimulated by the example of its neighbors, quietly threw off the yoke of Spain, but retained the Spanish governor as president of the independent government. A meeting of the principal inhabitants of Paraguay was held at Asuncion, to decide whether or no the government should be carried on, as was the case in several of the revolted provinces, in the name of Fernando VII., then a prisoner of Napoleon in France. After the debate had begun, a stout, stern-looking man, of some fifty-five years of age, took his seat by the side of some of the government functionaries, quietly laid a brace of loaded pistols before him, and said, "These are the arguments which I bring against the supremacy of Fernando Septimo." To such an argument, it seems, there was no answer. The people appointed a Provisional Government, of which a respectable cipher named Yegros was head, and the hero of the pistols—who was none other than the famous Doctor Francia—secretary. Francia's colleagues—there were four of them—appear to have been perfect imbeciles. Out of patience with their folly, Francia would leave the seat of government, retire to his country-house, and remain there, studying Voltaire and alchemy, till they came on their knees to beg him to return. After two years of this work, he resolved upon a new plan. He summoned a Congress. It was to consist of 1000 members—that is to say, every man who could afford to come to town was a member. When they arrived at Asuncion the cunning Doctor contrived, on various pretexts, to put off the meeting of the Congress for two months. The *ruse* answered perfectly. By the time of the meeting the members were starved out, and dying to get home. On the very first day they abolished the constitution, reiterated their independence of Buenos Ayres, and elected Francia and Yegros consuls. Having done this, they adjourned, and never met again.

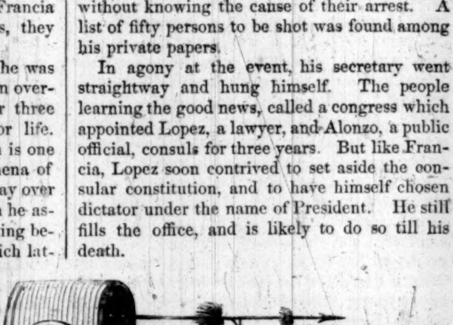
Stupid and harmless as Yegros was, he was in Francia's way. In 1814 he was thrown overboard, and Francia became dictator for three years. In 1816 he became dictator for life. Then began that long dictatorship which is one of the most wonderful historical phenomena of modern times. Francia held despotic sway over Paraguay for twenty-nine years. When he assumed power he found a bitter feud existing between Paraguay and Buenos Ayres; which latter State, holding the mouth of the Parana, endeavored to compel submission on the part of Paraguay, by closing it to Paraguayan vessels. Francia retaliated after the Japanese fashion, by adopting a policy of seclusion, and exclusion of foreigners. He pronounced foreign trade contraband. No foreign ship was allowed to sail to Paraguay; no domestic vessel could sail beyond the junction of the Parana and Paraguay. The Paraguayans were to live for themselves alone, and by themselves. This was the kernel of his domestic policy.

There had settled in Paraguay during the political convulsions a few foreigners, chiefly Englishmen. These, one by one, Francia imprisoned, seemingly for no reason save his whim of the moment. When the British consul at Buenos Ayres succeeded in obtaining their release, in 1825, twelve were sent down to him, all of whom had been in jail from four to fourteen years. The case of Monsieur Bonpland, though pretty well known, affords so fine an illustration of the character of the man, that it is worth giving here. Monsieur Bonpland, Humboldt's companion, and an enthusiastic botanist and lover of science, had settled on the Parana, within the jurisdiction of Corrientes. He had a fine farm there, and was making curious experiments with the *maté*, or South American tea. One night, without the least warning, 400 Paraguayan soldiers crossed the river, took his farm by assault, killed his servants, seized him, and carried him into Paraguay. The reason given by Francia for this act was, that Bonpland's agricultural operations were interfering with the trade of Paraguay. M. Bonpland, a true philosopher, made no complaint, but solicited permission to travel through Paraguay. This was refused. Within the limits assigned him, the light-hearted Frenchman then set about establishing a new model farm. He became the surgeon of the place. He taught the Paraguayans the European agricultural processes. He showed them how to make tools, and persuaded them to keep the roads in repair. Meanwhile the scientific world was shocked at his captivity. Petitions for his release went to Paraguay from Montevideo, Rio Janeiro and the foreign consuls at Buenos Ayres. The French Institute sent one of their members to solicit his pardon from Francia. His wife crossed the ocean, and exhausted her means and her strength in efforts to reach the person of the dictator. All was in vain. He wanted Bonpland, Francia said, and he would keep him. The illustrious captive was useful indeed. The district assigned him for his residence had become the most flourishing part of Paraguay. The people adored him. Bonpland was happy. One day the dictator passed that way, and noticed the remarkable evidence of the improved industry of which he had set the example. He also heard the praises that were lavished on the ingenious Frenchman. This was enough. That night soldiers tore Bonpland from his bed, told him to take money enough for his voyage (he had grown rich), then hurried him to the Parana, ferried him across, and left him alone on the Corrientes shore. Francia seized all his property, and that was the end of him.

Our knowledge of Francia is chiefly derived from the volumes of the Robertson brothers, whose business he destroyed, and who therefore may not be impartial witnesses. But if only half they say be true, he must have been a terrible tyrant, more like the Caligulas and Neros of Rome than any modern sovereign. Modern monarchs have put their subjects to death, but rarely so brutally or so recklessly as Francia. The Czars send people to Siberia for little enough, but they always have a reason; Francia locked men and women up for years without any reason at all. Austrian officers are brutal; but Francia's guards often cut a man down in the street for not saluting the dictator. Altogether, he seems to have been such a compound of cruelty and despotism as the world has rarely seen. One may laugh at his decree requiring all boys—who usually go naked in Paraguay—to wear some head-covering, in order to take it off at his approach; but one shudders at his command to slay all the horses in a certain district, because some of them had been afflicted with murrain.

In September, 1840, Dr. Francia, an old man of eighty-five, went to bed in good health, and was found dead in the morning. Over seven hundred persons were in prison at the time, some of whom had been twenty years in irons without knowing the cause of their arrest. A list of fifty persons to be shot was found among his private papers.

In agony at the event, his secretary went straightway and hung himself. The people learning the good news, called a congress which appointed Lopez, a lawyer, and Alonzo, a public official, consuls for three years. But like Francia, Lopez soon contrived to set aside the consular constitution, and to have himself chosen dictator under the name of President. He still fills the office, and is likely to do so till his death.



TRAVELING WAGON IN PARAGUAY.

His chief occupation hitherto has been quarreling with his neighbors, after the Spanish-American fashion. Though one of his first acts was the authoritative renunciation of Francia's policy of exclusion, the wars with Buenos Ayres kept the river shut for many years. In 1846, vessels of war steamed to Asuncion; and in 1853, commercial treaties were made by Lopez with the United States and other commercial nations. But the never-ending wars, combined with the peculiar condition and spirit of the Paraguayans, have—as every newspaper reader knows—rendered these treaties comparatively fruitless.

Lopez is the present government of Paraguay. He has no ministers or advisers. His brother is the bishop of the republic; his son the general of the army. His wife and daughters are the leaders of society. He does every thing, like Francia, of his own accord, without consultation with any one, or responsibility of any kind. He is not accused of cruelty; but when any one grows rich, he levies a contribution on him and keeps him down; and if a man ventures to grumble he is shot directly. Of his subjects or serfs I have spoken already. Two things only seem wanting to raise them, or rather the country, to a high position among the nations of the earth: one of these is education at the hands of foreigners in the arts and sciences of the age, the other, a moderate amount of freedom. Mr. Mansfield, a late traveler in Paraguay, visited the estate of a Don, who could not tell how many square leagues of land he owned, or within a couple of hundreds how many horned cattle, or how many score of horses; and who, notwithstanding, was in abject poverty. His wife spent all her time in rolling tobacco-leaves into cigars, to make a few dollars in the course of the year.

Is there not here a noble chance for honest, above-board filibusterism? Five hundred Yankees planted on the Chaco, or in Misiones, would in fifty years make their home the third, if not the second, power in America.

CHIPS FROM OUR LIBRARY;

A CHANCE MEDLEY OF FACT, SENTIMENT, AND ANECDOTE.

INTRODUCTORY.

We think it was Dr. Parr who said an author was good for nothing who could not be quoted. The saying, like most other pointed ones, is to be taken with some grains of allowance; but it is in the main true, as a reference to most classic authors will exhibit it. At any rate, we are willing to have our favorite books tested by the saying. If there is one of them which will not furnish something wise, witty, or enjoyable in a brief compass, we shall, for the present purpose at least, throw it aside. Our object is now to please and instruct, and please and instruct *at once*. We may entertain the reader with some novelty—for old things, in the lapse of time, become new, and if we introduce an old friend, he may not be the less welcome for his familiar face.

Point, variety, utility will be our mottoes. It may, as Burns says, turn out a song or a sermon, a bit of poetry or prose, an anecdote or an aphorism, a suggestion in morals or some quaintness in personal history—"words of the wise," which are "as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies"—proverbs, so happily defined in a proverb by a living statesman, "the wit of one and the wisdom of many"—crystallizations of genius—

> "Elegies,
> And quoted odes, and jewels five words long,
> That on the stretch'd forefinger of all Time
> Sparkle forever."

The great Dramatist paints Time with a wallet at his back. It contains the spoils and contributions of centuries. It is filled with sighs, hopes, aspirations, "fond records." We shall be unlucky indeed if we do not pluck something estimable from its capacious treasury.

"One ought every day," says Goethe, "at least to hear a little song, read a good poem, see a fine picture, and, if it be possible, "to speak a few reasonable words." We have here no pictures to show, except such as those artists the Poets paint to the imagination—of which we shall present a goodly gallery; but, for the rest, we may promise song and "poem unlimited," and if Bacon was wise and Sheridan witty, shall there not be wit and wisdom too from their pages and those of others their worthy companions?

THE BIBLE.

"No volume," is the language of a recent reviewer, "ever commanded such a profusion of readers, or was translated into so many languages. Such is the universality of its spirit, that no book loses less by translation, none has been so frequently copied in manuscript, and none so often printed. King and noble, peasant and pauper, are delighted students of its pages. Philosophers have humbly gleaned from it, and legislation has been thankfully indebted to it. Its stories charm the child, its hopes inspirit the aged, and its promises soothe the bed of death. The maiden is wedded under its sanction, and the grave is closed under its comforting assurances. Its lessons are the essence of religion, the seminal truths of Theology, the first principles of Morals, and the guiding axioms of Political Economy. Martyrs have often bled and been burned for attachment to it. It is the theme of universal appeal. In the entire range of literature no book is so frequently quoted or referred to. The majority of all the books ever published have been in connection with it. The Fathers commented upon it, and the subtle divines of the Middle Ages refined upon its doctrines. It sustained Origen's scholarship and Chrysostom's rhetoric; it whetted the penetration of Abelard, and exercised the keen ingenuity of Aquinas. It gave life to the revival of letters and Dante and Petrarch reveled in its imagery. It augmented the erudition of Erasmus, and roused and blessed the intrepidity of Luther. Its temples are the finest specimens of architecture, and the brightest triumphs of music are associated with its poetry. The text of no ancient author has summoned into operation such an amount of labor and learning, and it has furnished occasion for the most masterly examples of criticism and comment, grammatical investigation and logical analysis. It has inspired the English muse with her loftiest strains. Its beams gladdened Milton in his darkness, and cheered the song of Cowper in his sadness. It was the star which guided Columbus to the discovery of a new world. It furnished the panoply of that Puritan valor which shivered tyranny in days gone by. It is the magna charta of the world's regeneration and liberties. Such benefactors as Francke, Neff, Schwartz, and Howard, the departed Chalmers, and the living Shaftesbury, are cast in the mould of the Bible. The records of false religion, from the Koran to the Book of Mormon, have owned its superiority, and surreptitiously purloined its jewels. Among the Christian classics it loaded the treasures of Owen, charged the fulness of Hooker, barbed the point of Baxter, gave colors to the pallet and sweep to the pencil of Bunyan, enriched the fragrant fancy of Taylor, sustained the loftiness of Howe, and strung the plummet of Edwards."

ANGELS.

"It is remarkable," says an anonymous essayist, "that the painters have never given colored wings to their angels. The temptation would seem to be great; the pallet looks like a wing ready made; and yet they have not given way to it. No; *the* angel is the angel of one's infancy, the blooming, white-vested boy with the spotless wings, and thus is he painted by the Guidos and Correggios.

"We think we see him now, looking out of one of their divine pictures, young, blooming, innocent, natural as unconscious perfection, beautiful as truth. He is a boy on a noble scale, but still human; and his large curls are tawny with the noons of Paradise.

"An angel is the chorister of heaven, the page of martyrdom, the messenger from the home of mothers. He comes to the tears of the patient, and is in the blush of a noble anger. He kisses the hand that gives an alms. He talks to parents of their departed children, and smoothes the pillow of sickness, and supports the cheek of the prisoner against the wall, and is the knowledge and comfort which a heart has of itself when nobody else knows it, and is the play-fellow of hope, and the lark of aspiration, and the lily in the dusk of adversity."

GROWING OLD DECENTLY.

"This journey to England," wrote Daniel Webster to the late Dr. Choules, when the latter was about to visit Europe with his pupils, "will do the lads great good; it will furnish them matter for thought in future life, and if they improve this opportunity, *it will teach them, what so few understand, how to grow old decently*. An ignorant, uncultivated man is a poor affair; the tailor can pad out his wasted form, but nothing except early acquirements and good sentiments can make fine old age."

WHITTLING.

Brother Jonathan, snubbed by British travelers, is not perhaps aware what high authority he has to keep him in countenance in his little eccentricity of whittling. The following anecdote of Napoleon occurs in a London journal of the year 1813: "An eminent artist now living was visiting Paris during the short peace, and among other places went to see the room where the Senate assembled. There was a chair of state at one end of it, and the person who showed the room, pointed to one of the arms of it, which was new. 'Do you see, Monsieur,' said he, 'that new arm?' 'Yes; but what is there remarkable in a new arm? I suppose it was broken by accident.' 'No, Sir; the remarkable thing about that arm is, that it is renewed once in so many weeks.' 'Renewed once in so many weeks! For what, pray?' 'Sir, when the First Consul sits in that chair, he has a trick, while the senators are speaking or deliberating, of taking a penknife from off the table, and hacking the right arm with it till the surface is reduced to splinters. Every now and then we renew it without saying any thing, and when the First Consul has repeated his operation sufficiently we make him another.'"

With Bonaparte the habit was attributed to excess of nervous action. The same incitement would not be far wide of the mark with Jonathan. It is not that he

> "*Whittles* as he *goes* for want of thought."

It is restlessness, not laziness, which induces him to ply the jacknife. He is so apt to work that he must be doing something.

WOMEN.

It is to a female pen, we believe, that we owe this eloquent tribute to the sex:

> Ye are stars of the night, ye are gems of the morn,
> Ye are dew-drops whose lustre illumines the thorn,
> And rayless that night is, that morning unblest,
> Where no beam in your eye lights up peace in the breast,
> And the sharp thorn of sorrow sinks deep in the heart,
> Till the sweet lip of woman assuages the smart;
> 'Tis her's o'er the couch of misfortune to bend,
> In fondness a lover, in firmness a friend;
> And prosperity's hour, be it ever confest,
> From woman receives both refinement and zest;
> And adorn'd by the bays, or enwreath'd with the willow,
> Her smile is our meed, and her bosom our pillow.

ARMY HUSBANDS.

As Sheridan, in his farce of *St. Patrick's Day*, has it, "A husband that may wed you to-day, and be sent to the Lord knows where before night;

then in a twelvemonth, perhaps, to come home like a Colossus, with one leg at New York and the other at Chelsea Hospital."

HISTORY IN A REPARTEE.

It is not often that so conclusive an historical argument can be summed up in a witticism as in the actor QUIN's reply to a disputant in a conversation on the execution of Charles I. "By what laws," asked his opponent, "was the King put to death by his subjects?" "By all the laws," was Quin's reply; "the monarch had left them."

CHARITY.

"He who does not provide for his own house," says ST. PAUL, "is worse than an infidel." "And I think," is the comment of DEAN SWIFT, "he who provides only for his own house is just equal with an infidel."

COOL.

Some one was mentioning in CHARLES LAMB'S presence the cold-heartedness of the DUKE OF CUMBERLAND in restraining the Duchess from rushing up to the embrace of her son, whom she had not seen for a considerable time, and insisting on her receiving him in state. "How horribly *cold* it was," remarked the narrator. "Yes," said Lamb, in a fit of his stammering, "but you know he is the Duke of *Cu-cum-ber-land*."

A HARD-WORKED MAN.

"What man," asks CARLYLE, "either in God's service or the Devil's, as himself chooses it, is not hard worked."

DIRGE.

She is still, she is cold
On the bridal couch,
One stept to the white death-bed,
And one to the bier,
And one to the charnel—and one,
Oh where?
The dark arrow fled
In the noon.

THE POOR CLARE.

IN THREE CHAPTERS. CHAPTER THE FIRST.

DECEMBER 12, 1747. My life has been strangely bound up with extraordinary incidents, some of which occurred before I had any connection with the principal actors in them, or, indeed, before I even knew of their existence. I suppose most old men are, like me, more given to look back upon their own career with a kind of fond interest and affectionate remembrance, than to watch the events—though these may have far more interest for the multitude—immediately passing before their eyes. If this should be the case with the generality of old people, how much more so with me! . . . . If I am to enter upon that strange story connected with poor Lucy, I must begin a long way back. I myself only came to the knowledge of her family history after I knew her; but, to make the tale clear to any one else, I must arrange events in the order in which they occurred—not that in which I became acquainted with them.

There is a great old hall in the northeast of Lancashire, in a part they call the Trough of Bolland, adjoining that other district named Craven. Starkey Manor House is rather like a number of rooms clustered round a gray massive old keep than a regularly-built hall. Indeed, I suppose that the house only consisted of the great tower in the centre in the days when the Scots made their raids terrible as far south as this; and that after the Stuarts came in, and there was a little more security of property in those parts, the Starkeys of that time added the lower building, which runs, two stories high, all round the base of the keep. There has been a grand garden laid out in my days on the southern slope near the house; but when I first knew the place, the kitchen-garden at the farm was the only piece of cultivated ground belonging to it. The deer used to come within sight of the drawing-room windows, and might have browsed quite close up to the house, if they had not been too wild and shy. Starkey Manor House itself stood on a projection or peninsula of high land, jutting out from the abrupt hills that form the sides of the Trough of Bolland. These hills were rocky and bleak enough toward their summit; lower down they were clothed with tangled copse-wood and green depths of fern, out of which a gray giant of an ancient forest tree would tower here and there, throwing up its ghastly white branches, as if in imprecation, to the sky. These trees, they told me, were the remnants of that forest which existed in the days of the heptarchy, and were even then noted as landmarks. No wonder that their upper and more exposed branches were leafless, and that the dead bark had peeled away, from sapless old age.

Not far from the house there were a few cottages, apparently of the same date as the keep, probably built for some retainers of the family, who sought shelter—they and their families and their small flocks and herds—at the hands of their feudal lord. Some of them had pretty much fallen to decay. They were built in a strange fashion. Strong beams had been sunk firm in the ground at the requisite distance, and their other ends had been fastened together, two and two, so as to form the shape of one of those rounded wagon-headed gipsy tents, only very much larger. The spaces between were filled with mud, stones, osiers, rubbish, mortar—any thing to keep out the weather. The fires were made in the centre of these rude dwellings, a hole in the roof forming the only chimney. No Highland hut, no Irish cabin could be of rougher construction.

The owner of this property at the beginning of the present century was a Mr. Patrick Byrne Starkey. His family had kept to the old faith, and were stanch Roman Catholics, esteeming it even a sin to marry any one of Protestant descent, however willing he or she might have been to embrace the Romish religion. Mr. Patrick Starkey's father had been a follower of James the Second; and, during the disastrous Irish campaign of that monarch, he had fallen in love with an Irish beauty, a Miss Byrne, as zealous for her religion and for the Stuarts as himself. He had returned to Ireland after his escape to France, and married her, bearing her back to the Court at St. Germains. But some license on the part of the disorderly gentlemen who surrounded King James in his exile, had insulted his beautiful wife and disgusted him; so he removed from St. Germains to Antwerp, in Belgium, whence, in a few years' time, he quietly returned to Starkey Manor House, some of his Lancashire neighbors having lent their good offices to reconcile him to the powers that were. He was as firm a Roman Catholic as ever, and as stanch an advocate for the Stuarts and the divine rights of kings; but his religion almost amounted to asceticism, and the conduct of those with whom he had been brought in such close contact at St. Germains would little bear the inspection of a stern moralist. So he gave his allegiance where he could not give his esteem, and learned to respect sincerely the upright and moral character of one whom he yet regarded as an usurper. King William's government had little need to fear such an one. So he returned, as I have said, with a sobered heart and impoverished fortunes, to his ancestral house, which had fallen sadly to ruin while the owner had been a courtier, a soldier, and an exile. The roads into the Trough of Bolland were little more than cart-ruts. Indeed, the way up to the house lay along a plowed field before you came to the deer-park. Madam, as the country-folk used to call Mrs. Starkey, rode on a pillion behind her husband, holding on to him with a light hand by his leather riding-belt. Little Master (he that was afterward Squire Patrick Byrne Starkey) was held on to his pony by a serving-man. A woman past middle age walked with a firm and strong step by the cart that held much of the baggage; and, high up on the mails and boxes, sate a girl of dazzling beauty, perched lightly on the topmost trunk, and swaying herself fearlessly to and fro, as the cart rocked and shook in the heavy roads of late autumn. The girl wore the Antwerp faille, or black Spanish mantle over her head, and altogether her appearance was such that the old cottager who described the procession to me many years after, said that all the country-folk took her for a foreigner. Some dogs, and the boy who held them in charge, made up the company. They rode silently along, looking with grave, serious eyes at the people, who came out of the scattered cottages to bow or courtesy to the real squire "come back at last," and gazed after them with gaping wonder, not deadened by the sound of the foreign language in which the few necessary words that passed among them were spoken. One lad, called from his staring by the Squire to come and help about the cart, accompanied them to the Manor House. He said that when the lady had descended from her pillion, the middle-aged woman whom I have described as walking while the others rode, stepped quickly forward, and taking Madam Starkey (who was of a slight and delicate figure) in her arms, she lifted her over the threshold, and sat her down in her husband's house, at the same time uttering a passionate and outlandish blessing. The Squire stood by, smiling gravely at first; but when the words of blessing were pronounced, he took off his fine feathered hat and bent his head. The girl with the black mantle stepped onward into the shadow of the dark hall, and kissed the lady's hand; and that was all the lad could tell to the group that gathered round him on his return, eager to hear all, and to know how much the Squire had given him for his services.

From all I could gather, the Manor House was in the most dilapidated state at the time of the Squire's return. The stout gray walls remained firm and entire; but the inner chambers had been used for all kinds of purposes. The great withdrawing-room had been a barn; the state tapestry-chamber had held wool, and so on. But, by-and-by, they were cleared out; and if the Squire had no money to spend on new furniture, he and his wife had the knack of making the best of the old. He was no despicable joiner; she had a kind of grace in whatever she did, and imparted an air of elegant picturesqueness to whatever she touched. Besides, they had brought many rare things from the Continent; perhaps I should rather say, things that were rare in that part of England—carvings, and crosses, and beautiful pictures. And then, again, wood was plentiful in the Trough of Bolland, and great log-fires danced and glittered in all the dark old rooms, and gave a look of home and comfort to every thing.

Why do I tell you all this? I have little to do with the Squire and Madam Starkey; and yet I dwell upon them, as if I were unwilling to come to the real people with whom my life was so strangely mixed up. Madam had been nursed in Ireland by the very woman who took her up and welcomed her to her husband's home in Lancashire. Excepting for the short period of her own married life, Bridget Fitzgerald had never left her nursling. Her marriage—to one above her in rank—had been unhappy. Her husband had died and left her in even greater poverty than that in which she was when he had met with her at first. She had one child, the beautiful daughter who came riding on the wagon-load of furniture that was brought to the Manor House. Madam Starkey had taken her again into her service when she became a widow. She and her daughter had followed "the mistress" in all her fortunes; they had lived at St. Germains and at Antwerp, and were now come to her home in Lancashire. As soon as Bridget had arrived there, the Squire gave her a cottage of her own, and took more pains in furnishing it for her than he did in any thing else out of his own house. It was only nominally her residence. She was constantly up at the great house; indeed, it was only a short cut across the woods from her own home to the home of her nursling. Her daughter Mary in like manner moved from one house to another at her own will. Madam loved both mother and child dearly. They had great influence over her, and, through her, over her husband. Whatever Bridget or Mary willed was sure to come to pass. They were not disliked; for, though wild and passionate, they were also generous by nature. But the other servants were afraid of them, as being in secret the ruling spirits of the household. The Squire had lost his interest in all secular things; Madam was gentle, affectionate, and yielding. Both husband and wife were tenderly attached to each other and to their boy; but they grew more and more to shun the trouble of decision on any point; and hence it was that Bridget could exert such despotic power. But if every one else yielded to her "magic of a superior mind," her daughter not unfrequently rebelled. She and her mother were too much alike to agree. There were wild quarrels between them, and wilder reconciliations. There were times when, in the heat of passion, they could have stabbed each other. At all other times they both—Bridget especially—would have willingly laid down their lives for one another. Bridget's love for her child lay very deep—deeper than that daughter ever knew; or I should think she would never have wearied of home as she did, and prayed her mistress to obtain for her some situation—as waiting-maid—beyond the seas, in that more cheerful continental life, among the scenes of which so many of her happiest years had been spent. She thought, as youth thinks, that life would last forever, and that two or three years were but a small portion of it to pass away from her mother, whose only child she was. Bridget thought differently, but was too proud ever to show what she felt. If her child wished to leave her, why—she should go. But people said Bridget became ten years older in the course of two months at this time. She took it that Mary wanted to leave her; the truth was, that Mary wanted for a time to leave the place and to seek some change, and would thankfully have taken her mother with her. Indeed, when Madam Starkey had gotten her a place with some grand lady abroad, and the time drew near for her to go, it was Mary who clung to her mother with passionate embraces, and, with floods of tears, declared that she would never leave her; and it was Bridget, who at last loosened her arms, and, gray and tearless herself, bade her keep her word, and go forth into the wide world. Sobbing aloud, and looking back continually, Mary went away. Bridget was as still as death, scarcely drawing her breath, or closing her stony eyes; till at last she turned back into her cottage and heaved a ponderous old settle against the door. There she sat, motionless, over the gray ashes of her extinguished fire, deaf to Madam's sweet voice, as she begged leave to enter and comfort her nurse. Deaf, stony, and motionless she sat for more than twenty hours; till, for the third time, Madam came across the snowy path from the great house, carrying with her a young spaniel, which had been Mary's pet up at the Hall, and which had not ceased all night long to seek for its absent mistress, and to whine and moan after her. With tears Madam told this story, through the closed door—tears excited by the terrible look of anguish, so steady, so immovable—so the same to-day as it was yesterday—on her nurse's face. The little creature in her arms began to utter its piteous cry, as it shivered with the cold. Bridget stirred; she moved—she listened. Again that long whine; she thought it was for her daughter; and what she had denied to her nursling and mistress she granted to the dumb creature that Mary had cherished. She opened the door and took the dog from Madam's arms. Then Madam came in, and kissed and comforted the old woman, who took but little notice of her or any thing. And sending up Master Patrick to the Hall for fire and food, the sweet young lady never left her nurse all that night. Next day, the Squire himself came down, carrying a beautiful foreign picture; Our Lady of the Holy Heart, the Papists call it. It is a picture of the Virgin, her heart pierced with arrows, each arrow representing one of her great woes. That picture hung in Bridget's cottage when I first saw her; I have that picture now.

Years went on. Mary was still abroad. Bridget was still and stern, instead of active and passionate. The little dog, Mignon, was indeed her darling. I have heard that she talked to it continually, although, to most people, she was so silent. The Squire and Madam treated her with the greatest consideration, and well they might; for to them she was as devoted and faithful as ever. Mary wrote pretty often, and seemed satisfied with her life. But at length the letters ceased—I hardly know whether before or after a great and terrible sorrow came upon the house of the Starkeys. The Squire sickened of a putrid fever; and Madam caught it in nursing him, and died. You may be sure Bridget let no other woman tend her but herself; and in the very arms that had received her at her birth, that sweet young woman laid her head down and gave up her breath. The Squire recovered, in a fashion. He was never strong—he had never the heart to smile again. He fasted and prayed more than ever; and people did say that he tried to cut off the entail, and leave all the property away to found a monastery abroad, of which he prayed that some day little Squire Patrick might be the reverend father. But he could not do this, for the strictness of the entail and the laws against the Papists. So he could only appoint gentlemen of his own faith as guardians to his son, with many charges about the lad's soul, and a few about the land, and the way it was to be held while he was a minor. Of course, Bridget was not forgotten. He sent for her as he lay on his death-bed, and asked her if she would rather have a sum down, or have a small annuity settled upon her. She said at once she would have a sum down; for she thought of her daughter, and how she could bequeath the money to her, whereas an annuity would have died with her. So the Squire left her her cottage for life, and a fair sum of money. And then he died with as ready and willing a heart as, I suppose, ever any gentleman took out of this world with him. The young Squire was carried off by his guardians, and Bridget was left alone.

I have said that she had not heard from Mary for some time. In her last letter she had told of traveling about with her mistress, who was the English wife of some great foreign officer, and had spoken of her chances of making a good marriage, without naming the gentleman's name, keeping it rather back as a pleasant surprise to her mother, his station and fortune being, as I had afterward reason to know, far superior to any thing she had a right to expect. Then came a long silence; and Madam was dead, and the Squire was dead; and Bridget's heart was gnawed by anxiety, and she knew not whom to ask for news of her child. She could not write, and the Squire had managed her communication with her daughter. She walked off to Hurst; and got a good priest there—one whom she had known at Antwerp—to write for her. But no answer came. It was like crying into the awful stillness of night.

One day Bridget was missed by those neighbors who had been accustomed to mark her out-goings and in-comings. She had never been sociable with any of them; but the sight of her had become a part of their daily lives, and slow wonder arose in their minds, as morning after morning came, and her house-door remained closed, her window dead from any glitter or light of fire within. At length some one tried the door; it was locked. Two or three laid their heads together, before daring to look in through the blank, unshuttered window. But, at last, they summoned up courage; and then saw that Bridget's absence from their little world was not the result of accident or death, but of premeditation. Such small articles of furniture as could be secured from the effects of time and damp by being packed up, were stowed away in boxes. The picture of the Madonna was taken down, and gone. In a word, Bridget had stolen away from her home, and left no trace where she was departed. I knew afterward that she and her little dog had wandered off on the long search for her lost daughter. She was too illiterate to have faith in letters, even had she had the means of writing and sending many. But she had faith in her own strong love, and believed that her passionate instinct would guide her to her child. Besides, foreign travel was no new thing to her, and she could speak enough of French to explain the object of her journey, and had moreover the advantage of being, from her faith, a welcome object of charitable hospitality at many a distant convent. But the country people round Starkey Manor House knew nothing of all this. They wondered what had become of her, in a torpid, lazy fashion, and then left off thinking of her altogether. Several years passed. Both Manor House and cottage were deserted. The young Squire lived far away, under the direction of his guardians. There were inroads of wool and corn into the sitting-rooms of the Hall; and some low talk, from time to time, among the hinds and country-people, whether it would not be as well to break into old Bridget's cottage, and save such of her goods as were left from the moth and rust which must be making sad havoc. But this idea was always quenched by the recollection of her strong character and passionate anger; and tales of her masterful spirit, and vehement force of will, were whispered about, till the very thought of offending her, by touching any article of hers, became invested with a kind of horror; it was believed that, dead or alive, she would not fail to avenge it.

Suddenly she came home, with as little noise or note of preparation as she had departed. One day some one noticed a thin, blue curl of smoke ascending from her chimney. Her door stood open to the noonday sun; and ere many hours had elapsed, some one had seen an old travel and sorrow-stained woman dipping her pitcher in the well, and said that the dark, solemn eyes that looked up at him were more like Bridget Fitzgerald's than any one's else in this world; and yet, if it were she, she looked as if she had been scorched in the flames of hell, so brown, and scared, and fierce a creature did she seem. By-and-by many saw her; and those who met her eye once, cared not to be caught looking at her again. She had got into the habit of perpetually talking to herself; nay, more, answering herself, and varying her tones according to the side she took at the moment. It was no wonder that those who dared to listen outside her door at night believed that she held converse with some spirit; in short, she was unconsciously earning for herself the dread reputation of a witch.

Her little dog, which had wandered half over the Continent with her, was her only companion—a dumb remembrancer of happier days. Once he was ill, and she carried him more than three miles to ask about his management from one who had been groom to the last Squire, and had then been noted for his skill in all diseases of animals. Whatever this man did, the dog recovered; and they who heard her thanks, intermingled with blessings (that were rather promises of good fortune than prayers), looked grave at his good luck when, next year, his ewes twinned, and his meadow-grass was heavy and thick.

Now it so happened that, about the year seventeen hundred and eleven, one of the guardians of the young Squire, a certain Sir Philip Tempest, bethought him of the good shooting there must be on his ward's property; and, in consequence, he brought down four or five gentlemen of his friends to stay for a week or two at the Hall. From all accounts, they roystered and spent pretty freely. I never heard any of their names but one, and that was Squire Gisborne's. He was hardly a middle-aged man then; he had been much abroad, and there, I believe, he had known Sir Philip Tempest, and done him some service. He was a daring and dissolute fellow in those days; careless and fearless, and one who would rather be in a quarrel than out of it. He had his fits of ill-temper besides, when he would spare neither man nor beast. Otherwise, those who knew him well, used to say he had a good heart, when he was neither drunk, nor angry, nor in any way vexed. He had altered much when I came to know him.

One day the gentlemen had all been out shooting, and with but little success, I believe; any how, Mr. Gisborne had had none, and was in a black humor accordingly. He was coming home, having his gun loaded, sportsman-like, when little Mignon crossed his path, just as he turned out of the wood by Bridget's cottage. Partly for wantonness, partly to vent his spleen upon some living creature, Mr. Gisborne took his gun, and fired—he had better have never fired gun again, than aimed that unlucky shot. He hit Mignon; and at the creature's sudden cry Bridget came out, and saw at a glance what had been done. She took Mignon up in her arms, and looked hard at the wound; the poor dog looked at her with his glazing eyes, and tried to wag his tail and lick her hand, all covered with blood. Mr. Gisborne spoke in a kind of sullen penitence:

"You should have kept the dog out of my way; a little poaching varmint."

At this very moment Mignon stretched out his legs, and stiffened in her arms—her lost Mary's dog, who had wandered and sorrowed with her for years. She walked right into Mr. Gisborne's path, and fixed his unwilling, sullen look with her dark and terrible eye.

"Those never throve that did me harm," said she. "I'm alone in the world, and helpless; the more do the Saints in Heaven hear my prayers. Hear me, ye blessed ones! hear me while I ask for sorrow on this bad, cruel man. He has killed the only creature that loved me—the dumb beast that I loved. Bring down heavy sorrow on his head for that deed, O ye Saints! He thought that I was helpless, because he saw me lonely and poor; but are not the armies of Heaven for such a one as me?"

"Come, come," said he, half-remorseful, but not one whit afraid. "Here's a crown to buy thee another dog. Take it, and leave off cursing! I care none for thy threats."

"Don't you?" said she, coming a step closer, and changing her imprecatory cry for a whisper which made the game-keeper's lad, following Mr. Gisborne, creep all over. "You shall live to see the creature you love best, and who alone loves you—ay, a human creature, but as innocent and fond as my poor dead darling—you shall see this creature, for whom death would be too happy, become a terror and a loathing to all for this blood's sake. Hear me, O holy Saints, who never fail them that have no other help!"

She threw up her right hand, filled with poor Mignon's life-drops; they spirted, one or two of them, on his shooting-dress—an ominous sight to the follower. But the master only laughed a little, forced, scornful laugh, and went on to the Hall. Before he got there, however, he took out a gold piece, and bade the boy carry it to the old woman on his return to the village. The lad was "afeared," as he told me in after years; he came to the cottage and hovered about, not daring to enter. He peeped through the window at last; and by the flickering wood-flame, he saw Bridget kneeling before the picture of Our Lady of the Holy Heart, with dead Mignon lying between her and the Madonna. She was praying wildly, as her outstretched arms betokened. The lad shrank away in redoubled terror; and contented himself with slipping the gold-piece under the ill-fitting door. The next day it was thrown out upon the midden; and there it lay, no one daring to touch it.

Meanwhile Mr. Gisborne, half curious, half uneasy, thought to lessen his uncomfortable feelings by asking Sir Philip who Bridget was? He could only describe her—he did not know her name. Sir Philip was equally at a loss. But an old servant of the Starkeys, who had resumed his livery at the Hall on this occasion—a scoundrel whom Bridget had saved from dismissal more than once during her palmy days—said:

"It will be the old witch, that his worship means. She needs a ducking, if ever woman did, does that Bridget Fitzgerald."

"Fitzgerald!" said both the gentlemen at once. But Sir Philip was the first to continue:

"I must have no talk of ducking her, Dickon. Why, she must be the very woman poor Starkey bade me have a care of; but when I came here last she was gone, no one knew where. I'll go and see her to-morrow. But mind you, Sirrah, if any harm comes to her, or any more talk of her being a witch—I've a pack of hounds at home, who can follow the scent of a lying knave as well as ever they followed a dog-fox; so take care how you talk about ducking a faithful old servant of your dead master's."

"Had she ever a daughter?" asked Mr. Gisborne, after a while.

"I don't know—yes! I've a notion she had; a kind of waiting-woman to Madam Starkey."

"Please your worship," said humbled Dickon, "Mistress Bridget had a daughter—one Mistress Mary—who went abroad, and has never been heard on since; and folk do say that has crazed her mother."

Mr. Gisborne shaded his eyes with his hand.

"I could wish she had not cursed me," he muttered. "She may have power—no one else could." After a while, he said aloud, no one understanding rightly what he meant, "Tush! it's impossible!" and called for claret; and he and the other gentlemen set-to to a drinking-bout.

A BALLAD OF THE SEA.

I HAVE seen a fiercer tempest,
Known a louder whirlwind blow;
I was wreck'd off red Algiers,
Six-and-thirty years ago.
Young I was—and yet old seamen
Were not strong or calm as I;
While life held such treasures for me,
I felt sure I could not die.

Life I struggled for—and saved it;
Life alone—and nothing more;
Bruised, half dead, alone and helpless,
I was cast upon the shore.
I feared the pitiless rocks of Ocean;
So the great sea rose—and then
Cast me from her friendly bosom,
On the pitiless hearts of men.

Gaunt and dreary ran the mountains
With black gorges up the land;
Up to where the lonely Desert
Spreads her burning, dreary sand:
In the gorges of the mountains,
On the plain beside the sea,
Dwelt my stern and cruel masters,
The black Moors of Barbary.

Ten long years I toil'd among them,
Hopeless—as I used to say;
Now I know Hope burned within me
Fiercer, stronger, day by day:
Those dim years of toil and sorrow
Like one long, dark dream appear;
One long day of weary waiting—
Then each day was like a year.

How I curs'd the land—my prison;
How I curs'd the serpent sea—
And the Demon Fate, that shower'd
All her curses upon me:
I was mad, I think—God pardon
Words so terrible and wild—
This voyage would have been my last one,
For I left a wife and child.

Never did one tender vision
Fade away before my sight,
Never once through all my slavery,
Burning day or dreary night;
In my soul it lived, and kept me,
Now I feel, from black despair,
And my heart was not quite broken,
While they lived and bless'd me there.

When at night my task was over,
I would hasten to the shore
(All was strange and foreign inland,
Nothing I had known before).
Strange look'd the bleak mountain passes,
Strange the red glare and black shade,
And the Oleanders, waving
To the sound the fountains made.

Then I gazed at the great Ocean,
Till she grew a friend again;
And because she knew old England,
I forgave her all my pain:
So the blue, still sky above me,
With its white clouds' fleecy fold,
And the glimmering stars (though brighter),
Look'd like home and days of old.

And a calm would fall upon me,
Worn, perhaps, with work and pain;
The wild, hungry longing left me,
And I was myself again:
Looking at the silver waters,
Looking up at the far sky,
Dreams of home and all I left there
Floated sorrowfully by.

A fair face, but pale with sorrow,
With blue eyes, brimful of tears,
And the little red mouth, quivering
With a smile, to hide its fears;
Holding out her baby toward me,
From the sky she look'd on me;
So it was that I last saw her,
As the ship put out to sea.

Sometimes (and a pang would seize me
That the years were floating on)
I would strive to paint her, alter'd,
And the little baby gone:
She no longer young and girlish,
The child, standing by her knee,
And her face, more pale and sadden'd
With the weariness for me.

Then I saw, as night grew darker,
How she taught my child to pray,
Holding its small hands together,
For its father, far away;
And I felt her sorrow, weighing
Heavier on me than mine own;
Pitying her blighted spring-time,
And her joy so early flown.

Till upon my hands (now harden'd
With the rough, harsh toil of years)
Bitter drops of anguish, falling,
Woke me from my dream, to tears;
Woke me as a slave, an outcast,
Leagues from home, across the deep;
So—though you may call it childish—
So I sobbed myself to sleep.

Well, the years sped on—my sorrow
Calmer, and yet stronger grown,
Was my shield against all suffering,
Poorer, meaner, than her own.
So my cruel master's harshness
Fell upon me all in vain,
Yet the tale of what we suffer'd
Echoed back from main to main.

You have heard in a far country
Of a self-devoted band,
Vow'd to rescue Christian captives
Pining in a foreign land.
And these gentle-hearted strangers
Year by year go forth from Rome,
In their hands the hard-earned ransom
To restore some exiles home.

I was freed: they broke the tidings
Gently to me; but indeed
Hour by hour sped on, I knew not
What the words meant—I was freed!
Better so, perhaps, while sorrow
(More akin to earthly things)
Only strains the sad heart's fibres—
Joy, bright stranger, breaks the strings.

Yet at last it rush'd upon me,
And my heart beat full and fast;
What were now my years of waiting,
What was all the dreary past?
Nothing, to the impatient throbbing
I must bear across the sea;
Nothing to the eternal hours
Still between my home and me!

How the voyage pass'd, I know not;
Strange it was once more to stand
With my countrymen around me,
And to clasp an English hand.
But, through all, my heart was dreaming
Of the first words I should hear,
In the gentle voice that echoed
Fresh as ever, on my ear.

Should I see her start of wonder,
And the sudden truth arise,
Flushing all her face, and lightening
The dimm'd splendor of her eyes?
Oh! to watch the fear and doubting
Stir the silent depths of pain,
And the rush of joy—then melting
Into perfect peace again.

And the child!—but why remember
Foolish fancies that I thought?
Every tree and every hedge-row
From the well-known past I brought:
I would picture my dear cottage,
See the crackling wood-fire burn,
And the two beside it, seated,
Watching, waiting my return.

So, at last we reach'd the harbor.
I remember nothing more
Till I stood, my sick heart throbbing
With my hand upon the door.
There I paused—I heard her speaking;
Low, soft, murmuring words she said;
Then I first knew the dumb terror
I had had, lest she were dead.

It was evening in late autumn,
And the gusty wind blew chill;
Autumn leaves were falling round me,
And the red sun lit the hill.
Six-and-twenty years are vanish'd
Since then—I'm old and gray—
But I never told to mortal
What I saw, until this day.

She was seated by the fire,
In her arms she held a child,
Whispering baby-words caressing,
And then, looking up, she smiled.
Smiled on him who stood beside her—
Oh! the bitter truth was told!
In her look of trusting fondness
I had seen the look of old.

But she rose and turned toward me
(Cold and dumb I waited there),
With a shriek of fear and terror,
And a white face of despair.
He had been an ancient comrade—
Not a single word we said,
While we gazed upon each other,
He the living: I the dead!

I drew nearer, nearer to her,
And I took her trembling hand,
Looking on her white face, looking
That her heart might understand
All the love and all the pity
That my lips refused to say!
I thank God no thought save sorrow
Rose in our crush'd hearts that day.

Bitter tears that desolate moment,
Bitter, bitter tears we wept
We three broken hearts together,
While the baby smiled and slept.
Tears alone—no words were spoken,
Till he—till her husband said
That my boy (I had forgotten
The poor child), that he was dead.

Then at last I rose, and, turning,
Wrung his hand, but made no sign;
And I stoop'd and kiss'd her forehead
Once more, as if she were mine.
Nothing of farewell I utter'd,
Save in broken words to pray
That God in His great love would bless her—
Then in silence pass'd away.

Over the great restless ocean
For twenty and six years I roam;
All my comrades, old and weary,
Have gone back to die at home.
Home! yes, I shall reach a haven,
I, too, shall reach home and rest;
I shall find her waiting for me
With our baby on her breast.

RICHARD FARQUERSON'S FORTUNE.

RELATED TO HIS CHILDREN.

I.

It was in the fever-time, that dreadful season which you must all remember, that I left home.

I came in one night to my tea as usual, at half-past six—a rainy, unwholesome night it was—and found my father sitting over the fire with his head aching, and deadly sick: he was just beginning in the fever. Ten days after, he was in his coffin. There we all were—six of us at home, little and big—and nobody to earn bread for us. What were we to do? My mother—she was a high-spirited, proud woman, who had been decently bred and used to comfort in her young days—looked at us dry-eyed. I distinctly remember her saying, the evening after my father was buried, as we sat about the fire just after tea: "Children, there must be something done; your father has left us nothing but debts, and we can not starve."

Some of us were old enough then to dislike the mad speculation my father had undertaken; I say *mad*, because it was impossible we could know so early how well it would turn out for us. The first idea was, of course, to close the shop, and seek some quiet, private occupation. My mother thought of dress-making; but several people came and asked her to try it—selling the fish and game, I mean—and after a few days' consideration she determined to do so. I don't know that any of us objected, or that our friends fell off in consequence. A man who understood the trade came from London and managed it, and my mother kept the books. She was a very clever, upright woman; and though I have come across many clever women in my lifetime, I never yet met one who was her equal. In the course of eight years she brought up her family—Willy, the youngest, died four months after my father—paid off every farthing of previously accumulated debt, and laid by a sufficient maintenance for her old age: then she shut up the shop. Are we ashamed of it now? Most certainly not. If ever—being a man of property—I am carried away by the vanity of imitating my betters, and desire to bear a coat of arms on my carriage, I shall take for my crest a crayfish with the motto, "By this I rise."

The young ones got a better education than I had the chance of. I was fifteen when my father died, and had just been apprenticed to a printer. I hated the business, and asked my master if he would cancel my indentures. He said he would if my mother agreed, thinking that I was going to help her in the business, though that was a long way from my intentions, and from hers too; for she never suffered any one of us to go near the shop. My sisters went to the best schools in the town (and here let me acknowledge that, knowing our former position and our present difficulties, every where friends turned up for us); they had all they wanted as far as books and masters went. My mother used to say, "Children, I can not give you a fortune, but I will give you an education suitable to the station in which you were born, and you must each work your way back to it for yourselves." We have all done so, thanks to her!

I had no distinct idea when I left home of what I wanted to become. Adventure and change were the vague hankerings in my mind; at all events, I did *not* want to be a printer. I told her so one Sunday night, when all the children but Maggie had gone to bed. She looked rather puzzled, and asked, "Then what do you want to be, Richard?"

I said I did not exactly know, but thought I should like to be a merchant. She did not speak decidedly, but conveyed that to get into a merchant's office required a very high premium. Now, in some book or other—I ought to recollect it, but don't—I had read of a man earning his way to great wealth from a beginning of half-a-crown. *I* started in life with threepence-halfpenny. No more was said then; but I gave my mother two kisses instead of one that night when I went to bed; and, as soon as it began to dawn in the morning, I got up and ran away from home.

II.

And this is what I began life with. My black cloth Sunday-trowsers with threepence-halfpenny in the pocket, black jacket and waistcoat, one shirt on my back and another in my bundle; also, two extra pairs of socks; and Maggie's present to me on my last birthday—a little shilling Testament; that was all, so far as I recollect.

It did not enter into my head at first what sore hearts I should make at home by my flight; but Maggie has told me since that great was the dismay when it was found out that I was gone. My mother hoped for a week or two that I should come back, and fretted continually; but at length she made up her mind to it, and said: "Richard is an honest lad, and he has a good spirit; he will not starve."

I did not starve, but very near it, as you shall hear. It was a Monday morning in September when I ran away; a very raw morning, drizzling and misty. I could not have chosen a worse time if I had looked out for it. I started straight along the road, stopping now and then to look at the guide-posts. The first said, "London 189 miles;" that was a long tramp, but I kept my eye on the end of it, not on the hardships by the way, or I should never have got there at all. I took my breakfast in a wheat-field, where the grain was half ripe, my dinner the same, and my supper the same: it did very well, only I am afraid it was not honest, though I had done it fifty times before without a qualm when I was not hungry. At nightfall I was at a distance from any village, and the drizzle had changed to an even down-pour. I was glad to come in sight of a roadside inn. I meant to beg shelter for the night in some of the out-buildings. I was big enough and strong enough to rough it and not care, looking to the end—mind, always to the end. There were some grooms and people hanging about the doorway, waiting for the night-coach, which changed horses there; and besides them, a gentleman with a carpet-bag, waiting to be taken up by it. He stared at me very hard, as many people had done in the course of my day's journey, and at last said very smartly, "You're a runaway, my lad, arn't you? Tell truth, and shame the devil! I ran away from school myself; it is enough to make a fellow run away! Are you going to sea? I went to sea—runaways always do; but I came back." He took it all for granted, asking his questions and answering them in a breath. The coach arrived as he was speaking; and he immediately bustled off, and mounted to the only vacant seat on the roof; and then called to me to hand him up his carpet-bag, which I did, and he threw me sixpence for my trouble, thus increasing my capital to ninepence-halfpenny. The coach drove away in a few minutes, but stopped before it had gone fifty yards, and the strange man screamed out at the top of a stentorian voice, "Here, you runaway lad, take that; it'll be of use to you, maybe;" and as the vehicle rolled on, a scrap of paper fluttered down into the mud. I took it up, thinking of bank-notes, but the paper was too thick for that; and when I brought it to the lamp over the inn-door, I saw that it was merely the outside of a letter, with a name and address—"Mr. Morley, 18 Great Walton Street, London." I put it into my pocket, and asked the hostler if I might have shelter any where for the night, in the stable or barn? He said he would ask his mistress. She was just within the doorway, and met the request with a very curt refusal, and turned round to look at me, as I stood outside in the rain, dripping at every angle and point. Having considered me a minute or two in silence, she said, "You've run away, have you, young man; how old are you?" Now, even at that age, I was averse to questions. I was not going back; and therefore I determined to stop interrogatories which might lead to my being discovered by one decisive answer: "I'm old enough to be my own master; if you'll give me a shelter, I'll be thankful; if you won't, say so, and I'll go elsewhere." She immediately said that I might go in.

The place where I passed the night was the kitchen, clean, warm, and cozy. I slept like a top on the long settle, after a gratuitous supper of bread, cheese, and ale. I had only to answer one more question—was my father living or dead? and the woman was like a mother to me when I said that he was dead. In the morning, rested and refreshed, I started on my second day's journey.

I thought of them at home a good deal that day.

III.

I got to London on Saturday. I can not say that I was very dilapidated; for I had slept under a roof every night, and had fed in the cornfields by day. It is surprising how much you can go through with a stout heart, youth, and health. But having got into the great Babel, I found myself alone. Think of that: *alone* and penniless—for all my capital was gone now—*alone* in London. There was no ripe corn growing any where near the steps of St. Martin's Church, on which I slept that night. Fortunately it was fine, though frosty and chill; and I don't care to acknowledge now that I shed some tears on the old stones, thinking of my mother and the rest of them at home; perhaps, also, I was rather hungry: it is most likely. I can't throw any romantic glamour over the prosaic facts of that Sunday if I were to talk till doomsday. When I woke, stiff and cold, the sun was rising, and the houses looked taller than they have ever done since; and my last idea on falling asleep was my first at waking—an idea I did not get rid of all that day—that I had got nothing to eat. I attended service at St. Martin's Church in the morning: not looking quite a mendicant, but very nearly so; in the afternoon I had a siesta in one of the parks; and toward evening, memory quickened by appetite maybe, I bethought myself of Mr. Morley and Great Walton Street. I inquired my way, lost it, found it again, and finally came to a stand opposite a large important house; then I felt profoundly that I did not look what is called "respectable:" I was not a weakling, so that a four-and-twenty hours' fast had not exhausted me; but my clothes had a week's dust on them. However, up the steps I went, and rang the bell; a livery-servant opened the door, and I asked if Mr. Morley was at home. Yes, he was; but he never saw company or transacted business on a Sunday. I was not company, and I had no business; but I took the back of the letter and asked the servant to carry it to his master, which he did. I have heard since that he thought I was one of Mr. Morley's poor relations from the country. I waited on the step for five minutes or more before he returned, and when he did, looked very anxiously for his message, as you may think.

"Master says he'll see you; come in." And in I went. "You'd better leave that here," indicating the bundle, "and rub your shoes on the mat."

The man was quite civil; being, I believe, familiarized with folks coming for help. Mr. Morley was a good man.

I followed him up stairs, and into a room where Mr. Morley and two children were sitting at a table covered with dessert. Doffing my cap at the door, I made a pause there.

"So you've got here! I said you did not look like turning back," cried Mr. Morley. "When did you come?"

"Last night."

"Found your friends?"

"I had none to seek."

Mr. Morley turned full round and faced me. "Come and sit down, and tell me all about it. What school was it? Here's Tom means to run away soon; the amusements are so mild. At his school they take them to teetotal meetings by way of fun. Now what's your grievance?"

"I've not run away from school," said I, rather diffidently; "I've run away from home because there are too many of us for my mother to keep, and I want to keep myself."

"What's your name?"

"Richard Farquerson."

"I knew a Farquerson once—James Farquerson; he was a rich merchant at one time, but he failed. He had a son Richard—any thing to you?"

"My grandfather lived in London, but he died long ago; it may be the same. He was unfortunate in business I have heard my mother say—"

"His son Richard was unfortunate too, I should think; he was a man whose vocation it was *not* to succeed in the world. How about your father?"

"He was very good-humored and fond of company. My mother's fortune was lost in my grandfather's failure. She had money left her too, but it was wasted; my father lent some, and I don't know how the rest went. My mother does not speak much about it. We were in debt when he died, but she means to pay every body in the end."

"Richard Farquerson—the one I knew—liked racing and betting. He settled at Warleigh when he married, intending to carry on business in connection with his father here; but they both came to ruin together."

I blushed. Warleigh I had come from, but I would rather have kept my secret. Mr. Morley had his eye upon me.

"You're Richard Farquerson's son; I know you by that turn of the lip. He stood my good friend more than once."

"How so, Sir?" I ventured to ask.

"He was a warning to me," was the abrupt and very unexpected response. "Where have you got your pith and spirit from? not from father or grandfather, I vouch for it."

"From my mother, Sir."

"She must be one in a thousand. I remember your father. I was a lad then in James Farquerson's office. The most lively, thoughtless, reckless young fellow he was; looking forward to a handsome competence, and throwing his money about as if it had been chucky-stones. We were at the same school; and there he was all for tops, kites, marbles, and alecampane. We proposed to run away together; but he could never make up his mind to climb the playground-wall, and I ran away alone. He was successively apprenticed to a civil engineer, an architect, and an attorney; and each master was so obliging as to cancel his indentures after the lapse of a few months. Then he went to sea, and turned up again, like a bad halfpenny, at six weeks' end: a sea life did not agree with him; indeed, nothing did agree with him but his ease and his pleasure, so he subsided upon a stool in his father's office. I have heard him tell the story of his youthful mischances as an excellent joke, and have laughed with him and thought him a fine fellow, though I had begun to go steadily in the mill, and work there. He never worked; he used to lie in bed till half past ten or eleven o'clock, and be threatened through the keyhole with cold pig by his Aunt Jane. He had expectations from her, but offended her."

"Will you have a piece of cake?" asked the little girl whom I had noticed at my entrance into the room. She was standing in front of me with a great wedge of it in her fingers offering it to me. I took it, and ate it slowly, not as if I were particularly hungry, though every crumb was precious; and she watched me with a very earnest attention as if she had never seen any thing like me before. I was rather ogreish, no doubt. Her father ordered the boy who sat still at the table, cracking filberts and listening with all his might, to pour me out a glass of wine, which he did reluctantly. He was a pale, small creature, with mean features, and not more than ten years old to look at, though he was thirteen; the girl was pretty, and prettily dressed in a white muslin frock and blue sash. They were cousins; Cousin Tom and Cousin Nellie they called each other. After I had drunk the wine, and was listening again to what Mr. Morley talked about, his words grew involved and indistinct. Will it be believed that I fell asleep?

When I woke up with a great start, the children were gone, and a servant was bringing in candles. I sprang up, and began to stammer an apology.

"Sit down again; I have not heard all I want to hear, or said all I want to say," Mr. Morley interposed. "How many of you did Richard Farquerson—did your father leave? Tell me all about it."

So I began and told him all I knew: how things had not prospered with us, and how we were getting behindhand with the world when my father took it into his head to open that shop; what a grievance it was to my mother; and how he died of the fever a fortnight after it was begun, and left six children unprovided for.

"Richard Farquerson all over! he was one of those careless ne'er-do-wells, who are kept by a social providence for the encouragement of charitable and indulgent persons. I remember how he used to rave against skittish fortune, and swear she had a spite against him, when he was doing every thing in his power to spite her. And he is dead?"

"Two months ago."

Mr. Morley was silent for several minutes; at last he said, suddenly, "What do you expect from me; what do you want with me? I know nothing of you. You've not come begging—I can't offer you a shilling."

He evidently expected me to say something more, but I did not; I only got up to go away; indeed, I had no claim on any one.

"Where are you going to-night—nowhere particular perhaps? then you may stay here, if you choose. As I said before, your father did me a good turn once, and I'll pay it to his son," said Mr. Morley. "Now the first thing you'll do will be to write to your mother."

"I'd rather not, Sir, until I see my way," said I. I did not want them at home to know any thing about me until I could say that I was above need and getting on.

"Not see your way! It's straight forward; every body's way *is* straight forward, if they would only keep to it, instead of edging off in search of something grander or pleasanter than what they see before them. You'll write to your mother, Richard Farquerson, and tell her that you are safe and have found a friend; even if you don't tell her more. It is your plain duty, Sir; quite as much your duty as it was in the first instance to run away. Then we will have up the cold beef."

I wrote the letter with pen and paper that he gave me there and then; but it never went. Well, I've been sorry for it since.

After the cold beef, I went to bed in the "cousins' room." Mr. Morley had hosts of country relatives who came up to town periodically to be helped on in the world by him; and until they got a step, they occupied this little green bedroom at the back of the house. When I entered Mr. Morley's office it was supposed that I was one of these many poor country-cousins, until Tom let out the truth.

IV.

It was not until I had been away from Warleigh six years that I let them know at home where I was and what I was doing. To be sure, once in every few months I dropped them a line to say that I was in the land of the living; but I wanted some day to surprise them all. It was a very foolish ambition, and by the time I had been six years on the world I found it out. I was not going to be rich by any sudden stroke of fortune; and if I waited until I grew independent in the ordinary course of events, why, I thought, I may wait until I am a middle-aged man, and there is no mother left to rejoice over me. So just before I went abroad, I wrote her a long letter, telling her all about my doings since I left Warleigh, and promising to go down and see them all when I came back from Rio, whither I was sent on Mr. Morley's business. Her answer did not come till I was just on the point of sailing; and the nearest word to a reproach that she said in it was: "You would have spared me many a sleepless night, dear Richard, if you had written earlier." I knew her quiet way, and how much pain it hid; and I declare those few words cut me up more than any others I ever heard.

Well, I was away at Rio two years—a long two years they were, I assure you—and when I came back to England I got a holiday, and went home to Warleigh for a month. The changes in those eight years! In the first place, there was the old house converted into a respectable place again; the shop had vanished, and was become a parlor, where my good mother sat in her easy-chair, with her knitting on a little round white marble table, which she told me had been the slab once upon a time. Maggie laughed about it, calling it her mother's "vanity;" and, "Indeed," says my mother, "what would have become of you children but for it? You ought to feel a respect for it." And so in our hearts we do. Maggie has many a jest about what she calls our "aquatic origin." "Like Venus, we rise from the sea," she cries, and my mother bids her hush. My mother sees no fun in it; to her it was a hard trial, and as such will always be remembered.

Maggie was grown up, and looking old for her age, which is only two years more than my own; but you might see she was a predestined old maid, even if the mourning ring on her finger had not let you partly into the poor girl's romance. Marian, my second sister, was married and gone from home; and Lena, the youngest, was out as a governess in a great family. But it was Christmas-time, and they both came to Warleigh for a few days, and also Henry, from his situation in Manchester.

"I shall perhaps never see all my children around me at one time again," said my mother; "I am getting old in the world." But she has had us all around her many happy Chrismases since then; and some of us with very considerable additions, or encumbrances—which shall we call the great boys and girls that are growing up about us into men and women so fast, that our own youth is quite thrown back into the shade? Not encumbrances, I think.

V.

I had managed Mr. Morley's affairs at Rio, which had got into some entanglement, so much to his satisfaction, that when I went back to town he let me have a small share in the business, and make ventures on my own account. I began to get on then; for my speculations, though on a small scale, prospered, and paved the way to greater: every body must have a beginning. Long before I went out to Rio I had vacated the little green "cousins' room" for lodgings of my own, but had still continued a very frequent guest in Great Walton Street; and I had not been there more than twice after my return before I made a discovery which did not please me, indeed it made me a miserable, disconsolate dog for months; it was, that Mr. Morley destined his daughter Ellen for her cousin Tom. Mr. Morley told me himself one night when we were alone in the dining-room; perhaps the old man suspected; but no matter.

Tom Fletcher was one-and-twenty then; a pale-faced, undersized, insignificant, poor-spirited creature. I could not abide him. Ellen was eighteen: a rosebud, a merry, laughing, kind, warm-hearted girl she was as ever breathed; and quite as friendly toward me as she was that first night when she gave me the big lump of cake out of her hand, and my boy's heart was vowed to her forever for the kindness of the act.

When Mr. Morley and I went up stairs after I had heard the news, I was naturally very dull. Tom came in soon after from dining at his club, and had tea. Ellen did not like Tom any more than I did; and when she was not ridiculing him mercilessly (she had a sharp tongue—as what woman who is worth a chip has not?) she kept him at such a distance that he did not dare to speak to her. She was in one of her icy moods that night, and Tom would have been much more comfortable in a shower-bath than he was under her sleety civility. She had fathomed him long ago; but she had promised to marry him when almost a child, and before she knew what marrying meant. She began to change her mind now, and I was the cause of that change. I was as much in love with her as a man could be; and if she had a fondness for any body besides her father, it was for myself. We were both well aware of this some time before we ventured explicitly to say so. It was on this particular evening, if Ellen had not found me out before, that she made the discovery of my affection for her, though I had not my assurance of hers so early.

Tom asked her to sing; and instead of making any of the thousand-and-one excuses that girls are generally so ready with, she simply replied that she was not in the humor. If Tom had not been such a mean scoundrel, I could have pitied him for the contemptuous coldness that Ellen threw into all she said to him, though that was little enough; but Tom knew that her father was on his side, and bore it philosophically enough. He confided to me—I could have beaten his infatuated vanity out of him with relish—that Nellie was crazed in love with him; but as she was quite safe for him, he should take a little longer time to sow his wild oats. He had set up a house of his own at a short distance from town, and there he received his own kind of company that he could not bring to his uncle's house—very low company it generally was. It used to throw me into the wildest rage to think that my pure little Ellen could ever be the wife of such a creature; and if I had not seen her so thoroughly set against him, I don't know what I might not have done.

Tom left before me that evening; and when he was gone, Ellen recovered her good-humor; she would sing for me with once asking. I can not exactly tell how it came about, but Mr. Morley having dropped asleep in his easy-chair, we began to talk together in an undertone by the piano, and I told her about all of them at home, which I had never done before. She listened with a great deal of interest, and asked a good many questions respecting my mother and sisters; and how I had enjoyed going home after so long an absence. And I said, "It was very pleasant to be there, Nellie; but I was glad to come back here: it always seems *home* to me most where you are now." She turned very red, and looked away as she shut up the music-book. I was startled at what I had said, for she seemed frightened, and I did not know whether she was angry or not. "Nellie, are you angry with me?" I whispered, catching one of her hands in mine and holding it fast.

She was very white now, and her eyes were shining as if there were tears in them; but "You had better go away, Richard," was all she said, and she gave a hurried glance at her father. I was very much disposed to linger, but she reiterated, "Go, Richard; go now!" She remembered her miserable tie to her cousin Tom; while I, for a moment, felt that I was not acting right by my benefactor. Afterward, when it came to the point of seeing the woman I loved sacrificed to an evil-minded man, who would break her heart, I threw that and every other consideration to the winds, and spoke out. But the time was not yet ripe for that.

VI.

Another year went over our heads, during which interval Mr. Morley retired almost entirely from the management of his commercial affairs, leaving them in the hands of Tom Fletcher. I was surprised how my good friend, who, in other matters, was an acute, far-sighted man, could be so hoodwinked to his nephew's real character and pursuits. Perhaps it might be that he had become habituated to him by long dependence, and the young man was too cautious ever to let his vices become obtrusive; that Mr. Morley *was* deceived there is no doubt, for Tom had entire possession of his ear, and influenced him to undertake several speculations, which, if hinted at by another, tenacious as he was of his commercial credit, the old man would have scouted as rash in the extreme. The firm was "Morley & Fletcher" then. Mr. Morley hinted to me that it might be "Morley, Fletcher, & Farquerson," if I had a mind; but I have never regretted the lost opportunity. Tom certainly possessed business talents, if he could have kept straight; but I disliked his course of proceedings so much, that I withdrew from Mr. Morley's office and began on my own account. There was in consequence a slight coolness between us for a short time; but it wore off, and our friendly relations were again resumed. It was on the first evening that I dined in Great Walton Street after this temporary coolness that Ellen and I spoke openly to each other. I found her looking ill and depressed; and, by dint of a few questions, extracted from her an admission that Tom Fletcher was hateful to her, and that the thought of a marriage with him was most repugnant to her feelings. Her father had been desirous of hastening it, that he might resign all business anxieties, for which he began to feel himself unequal, into the hands of his son-in-law; and she, fearful of encountering his displeasure, had not dared to speak out her abhorrence. It was a very critical moment; I could by no means be sure of Ellen's feelings, and a rejection would have mortified me beyond expression. That she liked me, I knew well enough. Well, there she sat, drooping before me, her cheeks all lily-white, and the tears glittering in her pretty eyes; and I stood shifting restlessly from one foot to the other, not venturing to bring my fortune to the test, to win or lose it all, until she looked up at me and began,

"You know, Richard—"

I only knew one thing at that moment—how much I loved Nellie; so I cut her trembling little phrase short, and told her so. She blushed, and made no answer; but she did not pull her hand away or bid me go this time, so I staid. And presently, "But how shall we tell my father?" asked she.

"Leave that in my hands, Nellie," I said. "I will tell him when he comes up from the dining-room. You can run away if you are afraid."

"I *am* afraid, Richard. His heart was so set on my marrying Tom, that if you had not spoken I think I should. I don't like to grieve him. But, Richard, what if he is angry? He never was angry with me in his life. How can I bear it?"

I cheered her, and bade her have courage.

"I will have courage for you, dear Richard," said she; and though she was trembling like a leaf, a color came into her face and a sparkle into her eyes, that told me love for somebody put that courage into her shrinking little heart.

When Mr. Morley came in, she went away to her bedroom, and I spoke to the old man, and told him all. He was a fiery man and an obstinate man, notwithstanding his many good points, and at first he went into an awful rage, calling me all manner of traitors and serpents and knaves; refusing to listen to a single plea, and, finally, forbidding me ever to set foot within his doors again, or to hold with Helen any correspondence either by word or letter. He fetched Ellen from her room, and tried to make her, in my presence, promise never more to hold any communication with me; but the brave girl, though she wept bitterly, refused to do that.

"I should break it, father; I should break it the first time I saw Richard," sobbed she; "and indeed I can not marry Cousin Tom, for I hate him."

Mr. Morley threw upon me a withering look. "This is your doing, Richard Farquerson," said he, bitterly; "this is the sort of requital you make to me who took you out of the streets. You are a base, ungrateful scoundrel, Sir, and I wish never to see your face again," and much more to the same effect. Then to Ellen he said, "If you don't marry your cousin Tom Fletcher, while I live you shall with my consent marry no man; and if you marry without my consent, I will throw you off and have no more a daughter."

His voice sank at the last words, and Ellen clung weeping to his arm. "Don't say any thing more, father; don't say hard things of Richard," cried she; "I never liked Tom. He does not care for me, and he would kill me soon—I know he would. Richard, can't you say something?"

To see her stretch out her hand to me, as if for help, threw the old man into a terrible fury. "Begone!" he exclaimed. "Out of my sight, hound—"

"Mr. Morley," said I, very quietly, but in a way that checked his vituperation, "you will be sorry for this one day, but yet not half so sorry as you would have reason to be did you force Ellen to become Tom Fletcher's wife. But you will not force her; you will be true to me, Ellen, will you not?"

"Yes, yes, Richard; but go now."

And as my staying seemed only still more to infuriate her father, I reluctantly departed—sore enough and angry enough, as you may well imagine.

I tried to see Ellen the next day and the next after that, but was always refused admittance; I wrote, but my letters were returned to me unread, so that I knew they had never reached my darling's hands. At last I found out that she had left town; but where she was gone was a mystery. Four months elapsed, and I was still in the dark about her, and very wretched at times, when one night the post brought me a very tiny billet written in pencil: "Have patience, dear Richard; I know how you have sought me, and am ever your faithful Nellie," was every word it contained. But that was precious. The post-mark outside was "Dawlish;" and off to Dawlish I went, and mooned about the sands morning after morning for a week, but never caught a glimpse of my Nellie; so I supposed they were gone away again from thence, and returned to London.

I met Tom Fletcher a few days afterward, and from the sullen, hang-dog look he gave me, I knew he had received his final dismission by Ellen, and that was some comfort to think on, where there was so little else that was cheering.

It was not until six months, or rather more, after the fiery scene in Great Walton Street that Nellie and I saw each other again, and that was across from opposite sides of a crowded concert-room. Mr. Morley was beside his daughter; so, though I got as near to them as I could, I had no speech of her. I thought she looked rather graver, but prettier than ever. The next day I risked another letter, which got into her hands, and she sent me a reply. "You may write to me openly, my dear Richard," she said in one part of it; "for though my father is still as firm against you, and as angry as ever, I have told him my resolve, and he says, 'You may take your own way, Nellie, to a certain extent, but marry any body but Cousin Tom you never shall;' so we must live in hope of better days, dear." Bless her kind heart! that "hope of better days" made me quite my own man again, and I went to work in my commercial concerns with a vigor and spirit that prospered well. There were just at that juncture fine openings for enterprise in the Australian trade, and I took a very successful advantage of them. I used to say to myself, "My Nellie is my good fortune;" and so she has been all my life through, since the moment her father took me out of the streets.

VII.

For the next two years I progressed steadily; but Tom Fletcher, who had a larger capital to work with, made several splendid speculations. I knew how proud of him Mr. Morley would be, and how his praises would sound in my Nellie's ears. Experienced people spoke of Tom as a rising and most fortunate man; and the firm of "Morley & Fletcher" was of the highest standing in the commercial world. But unhappily Tom grew top-heavy in the bewilderment of his successes, and was smitten with the dangerous and seductive ambition of building up a colossal fortune in no time. He took into his foolish head some belief of his having been born under a lucky star, and predestined to immense wealth. I have been told that he thought nothing in which he embarked could fail, and that he was in the habit of encouraging timid speculators to join in a hazardous scheme by saying, with infatuated assurance, "Throw your doubts to the winds. Why *I* am in it: the thing *must* succeed." But Tom's lucky star turned out a treacherous Will-o'-the-wisp, which led him considerably out of his depth, and sunk him in irremediable quagmires of difficulty. The whole city was electrified one fine morning to hear that "Morley & Fletcher" were in the *Gazette*. Their liabilities were enormous, and several smaller firms fell with them. Tom had been in much too great haste to get rich to be careful of his own means; and several disgraceful transactions came out in the examinations before the court. Mr. Morley was heart-broken; this close to a long and honorable career—this assassination of his good name and his credit, almost killed him. Nellie wrote to me in their distress, and begged my help, which, indeed, I was only too glad to give. But nothing was saved out of the wreck; Tom Fletcher was penniless, and Mr. Morley had nothing left but his wife's fortune, which had been settled on his daughter. They left the house in Great Walton Street, therefore, and went to reside in a small cottage at some miles from London, near Richmond.

One might have thought that this catastrophe would have opened Mr. Morley's eyes to Tom Fletcher's misconduct, but instead of that he only seemed more than ever bound up in his interests. This was the period of the railway mania, and Tom turned sharebroker. With his natural genius for gambling he made his thousands one day and his tens of thousands another, and has said since that at one period he did not know what he was worth. Mr. Morley himself was bitten by the popular frenzy, but not until the bubble was on the point of bursting. He drew Nellie's little fortune out of the funds, and intrusted it to Tom to double; but Tom, aware that the golden day was at an end, and having realized nothing out of his speculative gains, took possession of his poor old uncle's money, and decamped. This was the cruelest blow of all, but no pursuit was made after him. Mr. Morley only said; "Let the graceless scoundrel go; he was my sister's son," and he escaped accordingly.

VIII.

My Nellie was a gem. Instead of pretending to think I might wish to break off our engagement, as some would have done, she showed a perfect confidence in me, and wrote; "Dear Richard, you are my only hope; will you come to me? My poor father is almost mad, and I know not on which hand to turn. But you will not fail me, will you, Richard?" Directly I got that pitiful little letter, I posted off to Woodside, where they were living, glad in my heart, I believe, that they had only me to look to.

I met them walking in the sunshine on the road outside their garden. Nellie's arm supported her father, whose bent head and uncertain gait betrayed how terribly he had been shaken by recent disasters. I saw them some minutes before they perceived me, and had time to observe Nellie's face, which, pale though it was, showed no traces of anxiety. I can not tell you how proud I felt to know what a sincere faith she had in me; and seeing it so happily expressed in the midst of real troubles was better than all. When she saw me coming toward them hastily, a brilliant color flew into her face, and she put out her hand long before I was within reach, as if, dear soul, she were catching at a forlorn hope. "I knew *you* would come, Richard," said she; and then to her father, "Father, here is Mr. Richard Farquerson come to see you, and to ask after your health."

My kind old benefactor lifted up his face, and held out a trembling hand. "I am very glad to make your acquaintance, Sir," said he. "It is a fine morning out in the fields. My daughter and I are breathing the air for the first time to-day. Have you walked far?"

"It is Richard Farquerson, father," reiterated Ellen, slightly raising her voice. "An *old* friend, father; not a new one."

"Richard Farquerson, is it? I remember his father. There are great changes, Sir, since then. We will go home, Nellie; perhaps Mr. Farquerson would like to sit down and rest a short time." He mumbled his words indistinctly, and his thoughts seemed all astray. I was most painfully shocked to see this fine mind so unstrung, and to see Ellen's eyes fill with tears as she listened to him. We turned back, and all entered the house together. Ellen led the way to a little parlor overlooking the garden, and Mr. Morley sat him down in a great chair by the window. As I removed my hat he looked at me earnestly, and a dull red suffused his face. He remembered me then, and appeared embarrassed; but suddenly catching at another idea, he said, in his old strong voice: "You know my nephew, Tom Fletcher, my sister Rosie's son? Well, Sir, he has robbed his poor old uncle! He has taken his last penny, and left him to starve with his daughter."

"Not while I live, Mr. Morley," said I. Ellen came and stood by me; she was very pale, and trembled excessively. "Listen to Richard, father," said she. And then I spoke, and asked him to give me Nellie. The old man began to cry.

"Don't, father, don't; you break my heart!" supplicated my dear girl. "Look at Richard, and speak to him."

"Would you have believed it of Tom Fletcher, Sir? I loved that lad as if he had been my own son; I did indeed, Sir."

"Let me be your son, Mr. Morley; let me pay you back one tithe of the great debt I owe you."

"Nellie has not sixpence, Richard Farquerson."

I was only too glad to take her as there she stood clad in her simple cotton gown and her fresh maiden beauty. I drew her to my side, and put my arm round her; while she leaned her face on my shoulder to hide the tears that would come. When Mr. Morley saw us standing thus, he understood all. "She is a good girl, Richard Farquerson; mind you use her well," said he, tremulously. "If I have said any thing harsh before, I beg your pardon heartily, Sir. I was mistaken; I was deceived."

"Don't say another word; this moment cancels all," cried I.

And so Nellie and I were married; and she has been to me for nearly ten years the best, truest, kindest wife that ever man had. Mr. Morley lived with us long enough to see four of you about his knees; and then died in his daughter's arms very happily and contentedly, as you all know. And that is all I can tell you of my fortune, children.

FOREIGN RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

IT is generally admitted that the Tractarian movement, under the lead of Dr. Pusey in England, has opened the way for an advance of the Roman Catholic interests in that country. The late appointments of Bishops by the government, together with the decision of the highest ecclesiastical court in the case of Mr. Denison, indicate a disposition to gradually redress the influence of the Tractarians, and to introduce more generally into the Church evangelical views and practices. In the appointment of Dr. Tait, the new Bishop of London, this intent is made to take effect. He commenced his work, not in a splendid church and with a splendid service, but by attending a large meeting in a school-room in Islington, convened to provide for the extension of the Church in that populous district. In his plain, straightforward, spirited speech on the platform, the Bishop of London declared that he looked with favor upon the gatherings of the people in the omnibus-yard, and under the walls of a garden, and even in a cow-shed, to hear the Word of God, when there was not church room for them. He declared his preference for the living Church of faithful men and women to the splendid edifice and the pompous service; and he rejoiced that the people were intent upon building for themselves ten more churches in that district, at a cost of £50,000, and defraying the expense, on the voluntary principle, of supporting public worship in them. These are good signs of the times in the Church of England.

There is a growing feeling, not only among all Christian nations, but also among Mohammedans and heathens, in favor of religious liberty. As the antagonisms between Roman Catholics and Protestants, springing out of the Reformation of the sixteenth century, are becoming every day of less political importance, there is a disposition manifested by the governments to dispense with penal enactments in religious matters, and allow all to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience, where their worship does not infract the civil institutions of the land. A gratifying instance of the progress of religious liberty we see in the late speech of the King of Sweden to the legislative body of the kingdom. A similar movement is noticeable in the Belgian House of Deputies, upon an address to the government. In both cases the sovereigns indicate their will to enlarge very much the religious liberty of their people. A spirited discussion is going on in both Sweden and Denmark on the question of liberty of conscience in religious matters, the results of which can not but be favorable. This popular movement in favor of religious liberty is manifesting itself even in

Austria, where once large numbers of Protestants resided, and where the Lutheran and Reformed churches of Hungary and Poland are still respectable. Austria having made a concordat with the Pope for the benefit of her Catholic population, is now called on, and strongly urged to make a concordat in favor of her Protestant population. In the consultations on this grave measure, the Protestants are taking high grounds, and manifesting great energy and decision. A foreign journal says: "The important affair of the concordat between the Austrian government and the evangelical churches of Hungary has just assumed a new phase. The ecclesiastical bodies of this country, styled superintendents (*superintendances*), have unanimously declared that the constitution of their churches can be discussed and definitively settled only by a general synod. The official delegates of the Lutheran churches assembled at Pesth, have made an altogether similar declaration; so that, whether Reformed or Lutheran, these evangelical churches of Austria, with one accord, have demanded from the government authority for the convocation of their respective general synods. But will this authorization be granted? We hear from Vienna that the Protestants expect it, seeing that the government can scarcely either withdraw its concordat, or impose it on the churches of its own mere authority. It seems that this question is much engrossing public opinion in Austria, and that Protestants and Catholics take in it a lively interest, doubtless from different motives."

This same desire for religious liberty for the individual and for the Church, is producing a lively discussion in Prussia, looking to the separation of the two national churches, the Lutheran and the Reformed, which King Frederick the III. forcibly joined together in 1817. It is even extending itself further, yet legitimately, in the manifestation of lay-preaching in some countries. In a Montrose paper (Scotland) we read:

"On the evening of Sunday last, in the Town Hall, Mr. Gordon Forlong conducted worship, and delivered a very impressive address on personal and experimental religion. There was a very large audience. Trained by profession for the bar, and himself a confirmed infidel only a few years ago, Mr. Forlong possesses alike the knowledge of the skeptical heart, and the ability of exposing, with a sort of logical precision, the covert to its false and hollow peace. The strength of his appeals lies in the sincerity and fervor which personal experience supplies. Mr. Forlong expects to be joined by his friend, Mr. Brownlow North, for a series of evangelical meetings in this place, on Sabbath, the 30th; and on Sabbath first, we understand, in Forfar, in the evening of that day in the parish church, and simply in consequence of its being the largest church, their single aim being to commend the gospel of the grace of God. These gentlemen have, it is said, been instrumental in the north of awakening hundreds of the population, and in establishing meetings for prayer and reading the Scriptures and family worship in many families. Mr. North's addresses are said to be remarkable for their fervent and impassioned earnestness, the freedom with which he speaks of his own experience, and the solemn manner in which he warns his audience to forsake sin and seek salvation through the Redeemer. The work looks to us as something like the one of half a century ago, under the Haldanes."

As a further evidence of the progress of religious liberty, we take the following from the London *Watchman*: "Within the last few days the degree of Bachelor of Arts has been conferred, by a congregation of the University of Cambridge, upon Mr. James Heywood, M.P., and Mr. H. A. Bright, of Liverpool, both of Trinity College. Mr. Heywood and Mr. Bright have labored energetically to remove all religious restrictions, and make their Alma Mater a pure republic in the world of arts and science. Both gentlemen, some years ago, passed through their academical course with distinguished success; but on account of the ecclesiastical tests retained by the University, could not, as Dissenters, take the degrees which rightfully belonged to them."

Even within the dominions of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, where the Madiai were imprisoned a few years ago for reading and distributing the Bible, there is now an evangelical church of 125 members, which is constantly receiving additions; and thousands of the people are reading the Scriptures with increasing earnestness.

That there is a revival of the external manifestations of Roman Catholicism in Europe, acting upon the governments which are Catholic, and upon the people, there is no doubt. England is sharing largely in this revival of Catholic aggressive activity among the people. For instance, in the mission of St. Mary's, Moorfield, east end of London, from 1777 to 1809 there were but 1200 baptisms; from 1777 to 1802, only 26 marriages. The growth of the mission is indicated by its present condition, which we give on the authority of the *Tablet* of December 6. "There are masses in St. Mary's Church at 7, 8, 9, and 10, with high mass at 11. The children are catechised every Sunday at 3 P.M., benediction being also given on the third Sunday in each month. Baptisms are solemnized at 4 P.M. (as well as at 11 A.M. on Wednesdays and Fridays), and vespers at 7 P.M., followed by a sermon and benediction. The week-day masses are at 7.30, 8, and 10. On every Thursday evening at 8 there is the rosary with sermon and benediction, and on every other evening at the same hour rosary and night prayers. On the first Friday in each month there is a sermon and benediction in honor of the Sacred Heart, and the Stations of the Cross on the second Friday. The confessionals are attended every day, except Monday and Tuesday, from 8 till 11 A.M., and after 6 P.M. on Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday evenings. The congregation belonging to the district of Moorfields must amount to at least 10,000 souls. Attached to the church are confraternities of the Sacred Heart and of the Blessed Sacrament; but the chief desiderata would seem to be a branch of the Society of St Vincent of Paul, and a Catholic Young Men's Society, or Institute, for the purpose of associating the male members of the congregation in the performance of good works, in literary studies, and in the practice of religion."

But while the Roman Catholic Church is thus every where manifesting this activity, she is also yielding up, even in the Old World, portions of her population to Protestantism. One hopeful fact is, that in whatever country she strives to revive and enforce her exclusive and extravagant claims, there appear symptoms of dissent and resistance; as for instance in Austria, since the celebrated Concordat has taken effect. The Vienna correspondent of the London *Times*, of December 8, says: "It has long been rumored in the city that many Roman Catholics intend to join the Protestant Church, but no perfectly reliable information could be obtained on the subject until now. The applications made to the superintendents of the Augsburg and Helvetic (Lutheran and Calvinist) Confessions for information and for religious instruction are so numerous, 'that they literally do not know which way to turn.' The intense disgust caused by the new marriage laws is the principal reason why so many persons desire to secede from the Roman Church."

To this may be added a passage from the *Univers*, the leading Catholic Journal of France. It says, "In all Catholic cities of Germany the statistical returns make it apparent that the number of Protestants is increasing in a fearful ratio."

In these movements and countermovements of the Church Universal we may see a tendency to an equilibrium, in which the Church will finally rest, and the world be redeemed to God.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

N.B.—All communications for this department of *Harper's Weekly* should be marked "Notes and Queries," in addition to the usual address.

LITERARY FECUNDITY.—M. Alexandre Dumas some months since commenced a lawsuit against the proprietors of the Parisian journal *Le Siecle*, and from the report of the proceedings we learn that, during the space of five years, this paper and the publishers (M. M. Michel, Levy, & Cie.) have brought out TWO HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIVE VOLUMES, written (!) by Alexandre Dumas.

UNIQUE TYPOGRAPHICAL RELIC.—Every one knows by name the Father of Printing in England, WILLIAM CAXTON, and the almost-priceless value of the few specimens of his workmanship that have reached our times. There is much amusing gossip about these and similar curiosities, on which we may draw at some future time if the topic should prove interesting. Caxton set up his press at Westminster, under the patronage of the abbots of that great ecclesiastical establishment (and even it is supposed, under the roof of the *Minster* itself, from whence the name of "*Chapel*" is still given to a printing-room), about the year 1480. If any mathematician were set to compute the chances that a common shop-bill of that date was preserved to our days, we fancy he would produce a row of figures demonstrating its unlikelihood, longer than the famous sum about the Nails in the Horse's Shoe that used to stagger our juvenile faith in arithmetic. Yet, in spite of probabilities, there it is, in Mr. Douce's collection, in the Bodleian Library at Oxford—a hand-bill such as rival tailors in the Bowery assail you with at this day, and perhaps young Wynkyn de Worde (his master's successor) was employed to distribute in a similar manner this invitation for people to come to Caxton's office and buy a certain book regulating the Church Service.. It is as follows, printed in Caxton's largest type, black letter, of course:

"If it plese any man spirituel or temporel to bye ony Pyes of two and thre comemoracions of Salisburi use empryntед after the forme of this present lettre whiche ben wel and truly correct late hym come to Westmonester into the almonesrye at the reed pale and he shall have them good chepe."

It must be confessed that this invite to those who wanted to "bye ony Pyes" looks more like a *baker's* than a *publisher's* notice till it is explained; but the "Pye" was the common name of the rule which guided the daily changes of the Romish Church Services, and grew into such discredit from its complexity that the word is still used by printers to designate a confused heap of type. We have known more than one transatlantic Pilgrim to the traditional site of Caxton's printing-office "at the reed pale" in the Almonry near Westminster Abbey (where a building, said to be the original one, fell down from very age a few years since), but we believe it has lately disappeared in the alterations connected with the formation of the new "Victoria Street" from the Abbey to Pimlico. The old English expression, used in this hand-bill, "good chepe," of the 15th century, is said by etymologists to be the origin (with merely a common colloquial transposition of letters) of the "dog cheap" of the 19th.

THE AUTHOR OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN'S TRAVELS.—Of all the "household words" familiar to our ears that literature has given to language, none is more general than that derived from this work, whose real author has lately been discovered. Though every one has heard of, not many of the present generation have seen, this famous book; and we give this brief note for the benefit of any publisher who desires a safe speculation in a popular reprint of it.

The Baron's adventures first saw the light anonymously, in a London edition, dated 1785, and proved so popular that the fifth edition appeared three years after, in 1788. Though professing to have a German origin, it was not till 1787 that they came out in that language, under the auspices of the poet, Burger, who has, in consequence, often been taken for their author. It is now known that the real writer was Professor R. E. Raspe, a German literary man, who filled various posts with credit, till he was detected in appropriating to his own use some of the coins, etc., intrusted to his charge as curator of the Cabinet of Antiquities at Cassel. He fled to England, and there sustained a reputable character as a man of science and literature, till his death, in 1794. A dry book or two on Mineralogy, etc., keep his name alive in catalogues, but there must have been a spirit of fun lurking in his "inner life," which, perhaps, was wisely concealed, in deference to his scientific reputation. German research has discovered that there really was some sort of personal foundation for this great work. A Baron Munchausen, of Bodenwerden, near Haweln, on the Weser, actually flourished at the time, and was famous for some little peculiarities reflected in the pages of his namesake's work. He was an old warrior who had served in his youth in the Russian armies, and passed his latter days upon his property, with a reputation for telling his surprising adventures in a cavalier manner, with a military emphasis, as things that required no explanation or proof.

When Raspe was in London working for the booksellers, it is likely that the Baron's stories occurred to him as available for a temporary "hit," and he must have been surprised at his own success. By the Germans "Baron Munchausen" is treated as a classic. The last edition, "*Cum notis Variorum*," etc., by Ellisen (Gottingen, 1849) is the source of the facts given here.

AN ARTIST'S JUDGMENT OF NAPOLEON'S PHYSIOGNOMY.—"The cast taken, very imperfectly, by Dr. Antommarchi, from the face of Napoleon, is more handsome than any bust or portrait of him, and, indeed, has the look of a much younger man than he appears in the latest portraits. This is easily accounted for. Illness had reduced the superabundant fleshiness of the lower part of his face and brought it back to the condition of an earlier period, and death, by leaving the mouth slightly open, had destroyed that expression of selfish determination which the thin compressed lips give to every portrait of Napoleon. The profile of the cast *is the most perfectly beautiful profile of a man I ever saw*; the faint smile caused by the last slight convulsion, after all consciousness had ceased, adding the beauty of death to a face originally of very fine proportions."—*Prof. C. R. Leslie's "Hand-Book for Young Painters."*

"TIME THE DESTROYER" A POPULAR FALLACY.—Upon the observation of Lord Bacon, that "Time is the greatest innovator," Archbishop Whateley remarks, "that though this is an allowable and convenient mode of speaking, effects are produced, not *by* time, but *in* time. In reality, Time *does* nothing, and *is* nothing. We use it as a compendious expression for all those causes which operate slowly and imperceptibly; but unless some positive cause is in action, no change takes place in the lapse of a thousand years. In the words of Hooker, 'Time doth but measure other things, and neither worketh in them any real effect, nor itself is capable of any.' Our sense of the importance and responsibility of human action is extremely increased by the consideration, out of the physical laws of nature and the operations of the brute creation, that there is no other agent but man. In laws, in government, in arts, in sciences, in every possible institution, all evil and all good are the direct result of his proceedings."

ROYAL APOTHEGMS.—From the days of Solomon the union of the sceptre and the pen in regal hands has been rare, and seldom effectual. Few of the kingly possessors of thrones continue to "rule us from their urns" with the potent and unresisted sway which *mind* alone can claim. In a new edition of the works of Sir Thomas Overbury a manuscript is printed in which, under the quaint title of "Crumbs Fal'n from King James' Table," he has *Boswellized* his royal master, the British Solomon, and preserved specimens of his table-talk for the edification of posterity. Much of this relates to religious matters, as might be expected from the prevalent studies of the time; but there is so much good sense and point of expression in many of the remarks, that we think (as there is no reasonable doubt of their authenticity) "King Jamie" may claim a revision of the popular opinion which has "set him down" as a driveler and a sot. Our readers shall judge by a few random extracts.

"I wonder not so much that women paint themselves, as that, when they are painted, men can love them."

"No man gains by warr, but he that hath not wherewith to live in peace."

"There are many things which myself would not doe, and yet in my judgment think lawfull to be done; but where there is a broad way besides, what need I tread nere the borders of vice?"

"A knowing man is hott in arguing for truth's sake; an ignorant man for opinion's sake."

"That which we call wit consists much in quickness and tricks, and is so full of lightness that it seldom goes with judgement and solidity; but when they doe meet, 'tis commonly in an honest man."

"Of all the number of men slaine in the wars, not the tenth man hath been killed *fighting* but *flying*."

"Parents may forbid their children an unfitt marriage, but they may not force their consciences to a fitt."

"I love not one that will never be angry; for as he who is without sorrow is without gladness, so he that is without anger is without love. Give me the heart of a man, and out of that all other his actions shall be acceptable."

"Noe man shall do evill that thinkes before he undertakes what the end will be, not what his passions would have it to be."

ORIGINAL LETTER BY LIEUT.-GOVERNOR CADWALLADER COLDEN.—We derive the following from the collection of a gentleman of Brooklyn of well-known taste and research. The original is a rare autograph, in perfect preservation, and interesting in many points of view. Lieutenant-Governor Colden is too well known to need that any account of him should be given in this place. The present letter was written at the commencement of the Stamp Act troubles, while the obnoxious act was under consideration of the Parliament. Later in this year, and at the commencement of the next, these discontents broke out in acts of open violence. In the emergencies caused by this state of things, the conduct of the Lieutenant-Governor of New York was high and honorable, winning the respect of both parties, as may be seen in the histories of the time, while his literary and scientific attainments have done honor to his name and family:

NEW YORK, *May* 3, 1765.

SIR,—I have the honor of your letter of the 9th of February. I did every thing that was in my power to prevent the public disputes which have happened, consistently with my duty in supporting the King's instruction, and endeavored to have the matter quietly submitted to the King's determination; but the gentlemen of the law seem to have placed the chief stress of their cause on raising public clamor, and therefore all endeavors to prevent it became fruitless. Notwithstanding of this, I am fully persuaded the people of this province will submit to the King's determination, whatever it be.

By the care I have taken that no reply be made to a licentious, abusive weekly printed paper, the administration is restored to its usual tranquillity, and I hope it will continue so.

It will give me the greatest satisfaction to have my conduct receive your approbation, and to preserve the honor of being,

Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

CADWALLADER COLDEN.

Major-General Hon. ROBERT MONCKTON.

NOTES ON THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

A CURIOUS FACT IN NATURAL HISTORY is mentioned in a letter, dated at Manzanillo, west coast of Mexico, on the 10th of November last. The fish in the Laguna commenced dying on the 9th, and within twenty-four hours the whole shore and the surface of the lake were covered with dead fish. The fish were generally of the size of a large salmon, and some were over a yard in length. No one in the neighborhood has been able to account scientifically for this singular occurrence.

THE BIG TREES OF CALIFORNIA, among other subjects, occupied the attention of the Scientific Congress that recently met in Albany. Under the impression that there was only one grove in existence, the Congress passed a resolution asking the Governor and Legislature of California to take steps for the preservation of the big trees at the back of "Murphy's Camp." We learn, by the last Californian mail, that a grove of similar trees has been discovered upon a branch of King's River, Mariposa County. This grove contains over one thousand trees, by actual count, varying in size from eight to thirty-two feet in diameter. Many of them are from 325 to 375 feet high. The species of tree is the same as that in Calaveras County, which has attracted so much attention.

COAL MINE IN COSTA RICA.—A mine of stone coal has been discovered and is being worked in this republic. The mine is situated about fifty miles from San José, and is said to be completely successful. The discovery is considered of importance, from the fact that the two lines of Nicaragua steamers will now be able to procure coal at a more favorable market and with much less trouble.

IS THE BESSEMER PROCESS A FAILURE?—It is now reported that the English invention for the manufacture of iron known as "the Bessemer process," after the inventor's name, is not such a complete success as was at first claimed for it. The principal changes effected by Mr. Bessemer's treatment is the removal of the carbon and silicon; but the point that most prominently strikes the chemist in Mr. Bessemer's iron is the large amount of phosphorus it contains—an amount utterly fatal to the value of his method. A leading Birmingham journal, in discussing the matter, says that as Mr. Bessemer has done nothing toward removing this pernicious element (phosphorus), his process, in this important respect, must be regarded as a failure.

AFRICAN EXPLORATIONS.—Dr. Livingston, the great African explorer, who, after seventeen years' absence from his native country, has just returned to England, states that among the articles of commerce opened up to trade by his discoveries in the interior of Africa, are various fibrous substances, the sugar cane, indigo, wax, honey, quinine, senna, copper and iron ore, and gold.

THE DESERTED ARCTIC DISCOVERY SHIPS.—The captain of a whaler, who, during the season of 1856, was in Baffin's Straits, and has just returned to Aberdeen, reports that he bartered with an Esquimaux three copper bolts and a galvanized rod of iron. The Esquimaux made signs that these articles were taken from a ship which had been pressed on shore in a gale of wind. This confirms the information recently communicated to the Royal Geographical Society from other sources, that the Esquimaux of the West side of Baffin's Bay have been observed to use sledges during last season of hard-wood, with treenail holes through, and in answer to questions put, assert that two ships have been discovered by them—one on the beach and broken up by the ice, but that the other is perfectly sound, and merely beset in some inlet west of Pond's Bay. It is supposed that these ships are the *Assistance* and *Pioneer*, two more of Sir Edward Belcher's squadron, that have floated from the spot where they were abandoned.

A NEW DEVELOPMENT IN GRECIAN HISTORY.—The steam frigate *Gorgon* has been lately sent by the British Admiralty on a most interesting scientific expedition to the island of Cos. It appears that remains of what is believed to be an ancient Greek city have been discovered on that island, and the *Gorgon* goes out well provided with implements for excavating, and scientific instruments to facilitate the work. A good camera obscura and photographic chemicals have also been supplied, so that any inscription or statuary which may be brought to light will be photographed on the spot. The expedition, it is anticipated, will throw considerable light on some portion of the history of ancient Greece. Cos is one of the islands of the Archipelago, situated at no great distance from the coast of Asia Minor.

ALLIGATORS IN CALIFORNIA.—It would seem, from a recent discovery, that alligators have been indigenous to California in olden time. A party of workmen, while engaged on the Columbia and Stainslaus River Water Company's tunnel, came across the under jaw-bone of an alligator, imbedded at a depth of three hundred and fifty feet from the surface. The relic is now on exhibition in Columbia.

Information concerning the existence of Greek scrolls in various monasteries of the East having been given to the British government, Dr. Coxe, sub-Librarian to the Bodleian has been commissioned to start for the Levant in search of the MSS.

A Danish *savant* has recently translated the Punic inscription on the celebrated Piræus lion in Venice. According to the expounder, it announces that Harold Sigardson, half-brother of Olif, the saint, one of the Wilking pirates, in the year 1040, being called to the help of the Greek Emperor, with the aid of his Norman suite, conquered the Piræus and levied tribute from the people.

The British Government has determined to send out a second exploring expedition up the Niger.

A whaler, arrived lately at Honolulu from the Ochotsk, brought a pair of walrus teeth which weighed thirty pounds, and were over three feet in length. The animal itself was about the size of a small whale—twenty feet long.

The French Academy of Medicine has decreed a grant of three thousand francs to found an annual prize for any discovery of means of cure in diseases hitherto deemed incurable, such as hydrophobia, cancer, epilepsy, typhus, cholera.

ARCTIC VESSEL "RESOLUTE."

AN English paper suggests that the name of the Arctic vessel *Resolute* should, in acknowledgment of her restoration to England by the United States, be changed to *Anglo-American*.

Speaking of the *Resolute*, brings to mind the following "International Ballad," from the pen of M. F. Tupper, which appeared during last summer, shortly after Congress resolved to refit the vessel and deliver her to the British Queen:

AN INTERNATIONAL BALLAD.

A gracious and generous action
Outweighing all sins on each side,
Outshaming the treasons of faction,
Ambition, and folly, and pride;
No jealousies now shall be rankling,
No silly suspicions intrude,
But round the remembrance of Franklin
Our brotherly loves be renewed!

The *Resolute*, lying forsaken,
The sport of the winds and the ice,
By luck to America taken,
Is—nobly restored without price!
Nor only refusing all ransom,
But, fitted anew for the Queen,
In a manner more gracious and handsome,
And kinder than ever was seen.

We, too, were not lacking of honor,
For, waiving all claim to the ship,
When Buddington's flag was upon her,
We flung away quibble and quip—
"He saved her—and so let him take her;"
But handsome America said,
"I guess, cousin, that we can make her
A prettier present, instead.

"With thousands of dollars we'll buy her,
With thousands of dollars repair—
(Diplomacy can not take fire
That here at least all isn't fair)—
In honor of Britain's ice-heroes,
Of Franklin, and Ross, and M'Clure,
To gentle Victoria, the Sea-Rose,
Her *Resolute* thus we restore!"

Huzza for this generous meeting!
Huzza, too, for Grinnell and Kane,
And all the kind hearts that are beating
So nobly from Kansas to Maine!
Our instincts are all for each other
(Though both have a tincture of heat),
And truly, as brother with brother,
Our bosoms in unison beat.

When crafty diplomacy's blindness
So often does harm in the dark,
One plain international kindness
Comes—just as the dove to the ark;
O wisdom, above the astuteness
Of placemen by cunning defiled—
O better than manhood's acuteness
This kindliness as of a child!

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

WHEN we are in a condition to overthrow falsehood and error, we ought not to do it with vehemence nor with exultation, but lay open the truth with mildness, and so "overcome evil with good."

Jamshid was the first person who wore rings on his fingers, and these he wore only on his left hand. When asked why he did not ornament the right hand, which is the superior, he answered, "Sufficient for the right is the ornament of *being right*."

"I stand on the platform of 1798, and palsied be my arm if I ever stand on any thing else."

"No, you don't," interrupted a little shoemaker in the crowd; "you stand in my boots, and I want the money for 'em."

A little explained, a little endured, a little passed over as a foible, and lo, the rugged atoms will fit like smooth mosaic.

Foote was in jail for debt. He wrote to his mother, who was in the same plight: "Dear mother, I am in jail." She wrote back, "Dear Sam, so am I."

Of forty-eight cases of cancer on the lower lip in the Massachusetts General Hospital, only five were females; and of twenty cases of cancer of the tongue, five only were females. This shows that ladies take better heed to their lips and tongue than men do.

It is said no man ever did any thing from a single motive. Low motives rush in, and pass themselves off for higher ones.

Carey, the British poet, gives a beautiful explanation of the blush on the rose:

"As erst in Eden's blissful bowers,
Young Eve surveyed her countless flowers,
An opening rose of purest white
She marked with eye that beam'd delight;
Its leaves she kissed, and straight it drew
From Beauty's lips the vermeil hue."

A very diffident young gentleman, in one of his experiences, waiting on a maiden home in the evening, desired her not to mention it, as it might cause remark. "Don't be afraid," said she, "of my telling, I feel as much ashamed of it as you do."

He must have felt quite as badly as the old Revolutionary soldier says he did once—"Of all the solemn hours I ever saw, that one when I went home from Widow Bean's, when her daughter Sally told me I needn't come again, was the solemnest."

Eliza Cook said, in her Journal, that they who are honest only because honesty is the best policy, are half way to being rogues.

"Why, Tom, how are you, my good fellow? where have you been for a week back?" "Why, I'm better; I've been to Dr. Stickem's for a strengthening plaster; but how did you know I had a *weak back*?"

An Irish gentleman looking at the first number of *Harper's Weekly*, and admiring the title, inquiredof the agent if it was "to be published once a week or once a month."

Murphy, a witty lawyer he is, at a recent dinner-party, pushed a bottle of old wine to a distinguished coroner, who tasted it and pronounced it capital. "I thought the *coroner* would like it," said Murphy; "it has *body* in it."

A hardy seaman, who had escaped one of the late shipwrecks on our coast, was asked by a good lady how he felt when the cold waves broke over him? "Wet, Ma'am, very wet," he replied, with a shiver.

Warburton, in his account of a voyage up the Nile, gives an amusing instance of the tastes of the Arab crew. He says, "On arriving at Deuch we gave the crew a feast, consisting of a venerable old ram, preferred by them to young mutton, as it stood more chewing."

"What wedder will it be to-day?" asked a German of his neighbor. "Vell I don't know; vot you tink?" "I tink it vill be vedder as you tink." "Vell I tinks so too." And they were quite as wise as E. M. or any body else.

"When a feller has reached a certain pint in drinkin'," said an old soaker, "I think he orter stop." "Well, I think," said a wag, "he had better stop before he reaches a pint."

A young lady engaged to be married, and getting sick of her bargain, applied to a friend to help her untie the knot before it was too late. "Oh, certainly," he replied; "it's very easy to untie it now, while it is only a *beau* knot."

A German prince in a dream saw three rats, one fat, another lean, and a third blind. He sent for a learned Bohemian gipsy to interpret the dream. "The fat rat," she answered, "is your prime minister, the lean rat is your people, and the blind rat is yourself."

At the last census the State of Indiana had but 12,000 Irish and 30,000 German inhabitants, a less number than the single city of Cincinnati, in Ohio.

Bishop Hall said, "Not that which is much is *well*, but that which is well is *much*."

Kissing was once the ordinary custom of salutation in England. Chalondylus says: "Whenever an invited guest entered the house of his friend, he invariably saluted his wife and daughters, as a common act of courtesy." "Salute one another with an holy kiss," is an injunction of high authority.

Good horses go as far to promote a nation's wealth as any other material object, but fast horses tend more to make fast men than good farmers.

Dr. Adam says, that one reason why the world is not reformed is because every man is bent on reforming others, and never thinks of his own ways as in need of mending.

If the winds blow,
And the snows snow,
And the fire snaps spite,
Love is alive on a winter night!

When the stars glisten,
Listen! Oh, listen!
If the world be white,
Ho! there is fun on a winter night!

Let the wind *blow* then,
Let the snow *snow* then,
And the world wax white,
All is right on a winter night!

The strongest man has just been heard of. He was lecturing to a female assembly in the West, and an editor describes the scene: "Three thousand ladies hanging on the lips of one man!"

Mr. Speaker Banks, in a recent lecture, predicted that the Valley of Mississippi will be the seat of the greatest city in the world.

"Gentlemen," said the landlord of the "Pewter Mug," or some equally frequented saloon, the other night, when the customers at the bar had talked incessantly till after midnight; "gentlemen, I don't know whether you have talked enough, but for one I am going to *shut up*."

Let those who sometimes fret themselves because other people have no such troubles as theirs, remember that

"Great fleas have lesser fleas,
And these have less to bite 'em;
These fleas have lesser fleas,
And so *ad infinitum*.

General Lane said at Indianapolis, in his speech after dinner, that he was "*too full for utterance*."

Mr. Snooks was advised to get his life insured. "I won't do it," he said; "if I should, it would be just my luck to live forever."

"Well, I wouldn't do it then, dear," sweetly observed Mrs. Snooks.

The London *Times* can not yet understand the Georgia Railroad hoax sent to them by Mr. John Arrowsmith. It is just coming out that its correspondent is the celebrated American, Mr. John Smith, who has merely prefixed the word *arrow* to his name since he began to shoot with a *long bow*.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Tuesday, Jan.* 6, 1857.

As usual about the beginning of the new year, trade has generally been quite dull during the past week. Breadstuffs were more freely offered, at reduced prices, yet the demand was quite moderate both for home use and for export, until near the close of the week, when the inquiry improved, and prices ceased to droop. Western Canal Flour is now in fair request, and it readily brings from $6 15 @ $6 75 for ordinary to fancy, and $6 70 @ $8 75 for extra brands, per barrel. Wheat is worth $1 68 @ $1 80 for ordinary to very choice White, and $1 40 @ $1 60 for do. to do. Red, per bushel. Mixed Corn is at 68 @ 71 c., in store and delivered, per bushel. Estimated stock of Breadstuffs here: 392,000 barrels Wheat Flour, 532,000 bushels Wheat, and 1,968,000 bushels Corn, against 596,000 barrels Wheat Flour, 788,000 bushels Wheat, and 646,000 bushels Corn same time last year. Cotton has been actively dealt in at advanced rates. Middling Uplands close at 13½ c.; and do. Gulfs at 13¾ @ 13⅞ c. per pound. Provisions have been in good demand, and are gradually rising. Mess Pork brings $19 50 @ $20 25 per barrel; prime Lard, in barrels, 12¼ @ 12½ c. per pound; and country Mess Beef $10 50 @ $12 25 per barrel. Stock in packing-yards, here, includes 13,046 barrels Pork, and 19,488 packages Beef, against 32,678 barrels Pork, and 84,588 packages Beef same time last year. Groceries have been in moderate request, at steady rates. Rio Coffee, 9 @ 11½ c. per pound; New Orleans Molasses 80 c. per gallon; do. Sugar, 9 @ 11 c. per pound; and Carolina Rice, $3 50 @ $4 50 per 100 pounds. Stocks fair. Hay is up to 95 c. and $1 12½ per 100 pounds, with a light supply and good inquiry. Wool is less active, yet very firm. Other commodities are essentially unchanged.

The Live Stock Market is still comparatively inactive, and the reported light arrivals have, for the most part, only served to sustain prices at about the average of the previous week. According to returns from the principal city markets, the week's receipts embraced 2570 Beeves, 215 Cows and Calves, 432 Veal-Calves, 7615 Sheep and Lambs, and 19,394 Swine—a total of 30,426 animals against 32,872 the preceding week. The average weekly receipts of animals were 20,220 during 1856, against 22,067 the year before. The range of prices for Beeves, at the Forty-Fourth Street Market, on Wednesday last, was from 9 c. for good ordinary to 12 c. for extra good quality, per pound—the general average, according to the returns of sales, being about 10 c. per pound. The supply exceeded the requirements of buyers. Milch Cows have been in somewhat better request, but prices have not varied much. Sheep and Lambs have also found pretty free buyers, at a slight improvement on last week's rates. The supply, though fair, as a whole, has not been sufficiently regular to prevent the rise. The bulk of the sales of Sheep during the week have been at from $3 75 @ $6 25, each. Good Veal-Calves have been moderately dealt in, at from 6½ @ 7½ c. per pound, live weight. Swine are arriving, and selling rather quickly at 6¼ @ 6¾ c. for live, and 8 @ 9 c. for dressed, per pound.

The Country Produce Markets have generally been very well stocked this week. Fruit and Vegetables are not over-abundant, while being in pretty brisk request at steady prices. Poultry is extremely plenty, and now that the holiday season is over, prices are very apt to fall rapidly. As it is, only the choicest kinds command a ready sale at any thing like remunerative rates. There is a continued scarcity of eggs, which are wanted at rising figures. We can report nothing really new in other articles.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, common to fair, per barrel	$2 00	@	$3 00
" good to extra, per barrel	$3 50	@	$6 00
" Dried, State, per pound	8½	@	9½
" " Southern, per pound	4	@	7
Cranberries, per barrel	$10 00	@	$13 00
Dried Peaches, per pound	17	@	19
Hickory Nuts, per bushel	$2 00	@	$2 25
Potatoes, per barrel	$1 75	@	$3 25
" Sweet, per barrel	$3 50	@	$4 00
Onions, Red, per barrel	$1 62	@	$1 75
" Yellow, per barrel	$2 25	@	$2 50
" White, per barrel	$3 00	@	$4 00
" per 100 strings	$3 50	@	—
Pumpkins, per 100	$12 00	@	$18 00
Washed Carrots, per bushel	50	@	—
Beets, per bushel	44	@	50
Parsnips, per barrel	$1 50	@	$1 75
Turnips, per barrel	$1 00	@	$1 25
" per basket	25	@	37½
Cabbages, per 100	$5 00	@	$9 00
Cauliflower, per dozen	$1 25	@	$1 75
Celery, per dozen	$1 00	@	$1 25
Leeks, per dozen bunches	62	@	75
Garlic, per 100 bunches	$6 50	@	—
Butter, Western, per pound	14	@	20
" State, per pound	20	@	25
" Orange County, per pound	22	@	30
Cheese, State, per pound	9½	@	10½
Lard, per pound	12	@	13½
Roasting Pigs, each	$2 00	@	$3 00
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	26	@	28
" Limed, per dozen	24	@	25
Fowls, per pound	8	@	11
Ducks, Domestic, per pound	11	@	15
Turkeys, per pound	9	@	15
Geese, per pound	7½	@	11½
Pigeons, Tame, per dozen	$1 37	@	$1 87
Robins, per dozen	68¾	@	$1 00
Woodcock, per dozen	$4 50	@	$5 00
Quail, per dozen	$3 00	@	$4 00
Partridges, per pair	85	@	$1 00
Prairie Hens, per pair	75	@	$1 12½
Rabbits, per pair	31¼	@	—
Hares, per pair	50	@	56¼
Venison, carcass, per pound	8	@	11
" saddle, per pound	12	@	14
Bear Meat, per pound	17½	@	31¼

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